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THE ALDINE.

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THE BARON'S DAUGHTER.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF ALBRECHT DÜRER.

(Scene—Nuremberg Cathedral.)

Albrecht:

— SHE said she would meet me here when through
The panes of yon mullioned window came
The sun's last flaunt in a ruby flame;
But now, — it has slidden up to the blue
Of the Virgin's robe. But, hie, — the feet
I hear may be hers, — ah, Laggard, Sweet —

Augusta:

You did not doubt of me, Albrecht?

Albrecht:

— Nay,
But Love is no Joshua; though he may
Call on the sun, his course to stay,
Naught it avails, and Love makes moan,
Left in the silences here, alone,
Ambushed with secret fears about,
To battle with Amorish doubt:
For O, my Moon of Ajalon! see
The shaft that pierces the blazonry
Is blue, — it has passed the crimson pane —

Augusta:

Miserly haggler over the wave
Of a bit of a minute!

Albrecht:

But think how few
These minutes! No wonder I seem a Jew,
Exorbitant, grasping, when for gold,
I count for florines, thy smiles, and hold
Each savor'd word as the sacring-bread,
On which my hungering soul is fed.
And now, while the starveling for a space
Feasts on the beauty of thy face,
Tell me thy tidings — for I grope
Darkling, and clamorous for a hope.

Augusta:

Alas! for a hope I bring a fear!
But sit apart by the pillar here,
For a blessed moment: (my maidens wait
My coming beside the outer gate
Of the cloisters — choosing to loiter there
Till, as they think, I have done my prayer.)
But let me hasten. Thou know'st, I wis,
How stern of speech and how strong of will,
And how proud of his race my father is;
Albeit to me, right gentle still.
Well, — yesternight, in a softer mood
He seemed, as he sat and stroked my hair,
And likened me to my mother fair,
In the flush of her early maidenhood.
And he praised the picture he bade thee paint
Of this same brown head, and he laughed anon,
And vowed when an age or two had gone,
They'd christen the picture as a saint,
With its lifted eyes; and so, some day,
It might come to pass that men would pray
Before it as Saint Augusta —

Albrecht:

— One
Kneeleth already — my shrined nun!

Augusta:

Of my mother he further spake, — her life
Turned on one pivot, — as daughter, wife,
To render obedience, instant, true:
At once — at once — with a flash and heat,
I felt that a snare was underfoot;
And Herman of Kreusnach then I knew
Was the fowler. A flutter to slip the gin
Ere that it netted and held me in;
Not meaning it yet, but to forefend
The fronting fate that I saw impend,
I told him our story. How it came,
That sitting together, day by day,
The portrait he wanted, all our aim —
And lifting my eyes to thine alway,
That better the light might fall, — there grew
A mystical language twixt us two.
The veins in his temple beat and swelled,
And tightly he clenched the hand he held;
But lest in my rising fear and pain,
I might not be bold to speak again,
I framed in my hands his bearded face,
And I kissed and I kissed his anger down,
And held, as in leash, the leaping frown
That sprang, at my words, to the smile's old place,
Thus winning to tell the sweet tale through —

Albrecht:

High-hearted and strong and brave and true!

Augusta:

Nay — hear to the end: I showed that he
Had fostered our love, and helped to bring
The chance-dropt seed to blossoming,
When from thine easel he summoned thee,
Unwilling, to deck his banquet-hall,
Linking together our summer hours
Into an art-sweet wreath of flowers,
While to my hands commending all.
— Once, as I paused for breath, he flung —
(I saw that his rage was boiling o'er) —
His tankard of wine upon the floor —

Albrecht:

(For me — and for me, was the dear heart wrung!)

Augusta:

But I took no heed; I told him how
Ambition had set thy soul aflame;
I pointed to Leonardo; — thou,
Wouldst stand such a Prince of Art — thy name
On the lips of kings, and their guest, — as he,
So that a baron might come to be
Proud — There he stopped me! — and then he swore
A terrible oath I quailed before,
That I never, henceforth, should see thee more.

Albrecht:

O, love! thou wilt brave his wrath? — thou hast —

Augusta:

Yea — only to tell thee all is past,
And we may not meet at the set of sun,
Here, to touch hands, when vesper's done;
And whisper the words that made the night
After, all luminous with their light.
Yet hearts that are young and strong can wait,
Albrecht, — and when said Hope, "Too late!"
To hearts thus waiting? But hark! — I hear
The clatter of hoofs at the great east door;
— What if my father —

Albrecht:

Sweetheart, fear
Quickens thy sense. 'Tis nothing more
Than some Nurembergers hot with wine,
Who trouble the street with noisy fray:
But kneel a moment at yonder shrine,
And soon will I banish thy fright away.

Out of the dusk cathedral Albrecht passed,
And scanned the Platz where burghers came and went,
And crimson-bodied maidens laughed "good-night,"
Kissing each other in their wasteful way,
And children romped; but saw no baron bold,
With men-at-arms, as his scared daughter pictured,
To drag her at his threat, and hide her where
The "insolent smith" should never find her. Then,
Turning, a hand detained him, and he knew,
The baron's chaplain, who had empty questions
Touching some altar-panels. Albrecht failed
To shake him off, nor dared to leave him, lest,
Following, he should know all. Thus balked, he heard
A smothered cry. Back through the darkening aisles
Instant he rushed, — only to catch the gleam
Of a white garment at the further door —
Only to hear outside the walls, the hoofs
Of galloping horsemen swallowed in the gloom.

Never again in Nuremberg was seen
The baron's daughter. None could surely tell
If in some distant convent she dragged on
Her death in life, — or if, the wretched bride
Of some rude lord, in solitude she ate
Her heart, and died so. Albrecht's dream was dreamed;
No other love profaned his soul's pure shrine
Through his half-century's years. And each Madonna
That henceforth on his canvas glowed, was only
Augusta, with the halo round her hair.

— Margaret J. Preston.

ART IN CALIFORNIA.

To those who are accustomed to think of California only as Bret Harte has depicted it — as the home of "border ruffians," whose vices are redeemed by a certain eccentric and picturesque element — the caption of this article will recall the famous treatise on snakes in Ireland, which consisted only of the words — "There are none." But those who know the Golden State as it really is — who know that its society, on the whole, is neither better nor worse than that of the old States, though it is more lavish and effusive — will not be surprised at the statement that there is a great deal of culture and taste there, which have led, in the chief city, to a very marked æsthetic movement. New York was nearly two centuries old before she had an academy of fine art, and Boston very much older before she could claim to have established a school of design. Yet San Francisco, which twenty-five years ago was a hamlet of three hundred inhabitants, can already boast that it has done more for art culture than either of the two older cities had done within the early memory of men whose heads are not yet gray. Elementary drawing was taught in the common schools of Cali-

fornia cities before Massachusetts had adopted her present admirable system of art tuition. The State University was organized with an art department at the outset — a crude and meagre one, it is true, but the germ of a right thing. Finally, two and a half years ago, a few artists and connoisseurs formed the San Francisco Art Association, with a constitution which provided for the ultimate establishment of a school of design.

The Association was made very popular by admitting to membership any respectable person, of either sex, who cared enough about art to pay an entrance fee of two dollars, and monthly dues of one dollar. The proceeds of fees and dues were employed to defray the expenses of quarterly receptions, held at night, in rooms temporarily leased for the purpose, in which were exhibited paintings by resident artists, and such foreign works as could be borrowed from private collections. The membership increased to hundreds. The Association leased large and permanent quarters, and began a series of semi-annual public exhibitions, charging a small admission fee to non-members. As there were only thirty or forty artists of all classes in the city, and most of them had little means, the Association could only have been maintained on the popular plan described. Provision was, however, made for life memberships, at one hundred dollars each, the money from this source being dedicated to the foundation of a school of design and library of art.

A fund of a few thousand dollars having accumulated, the directors of the Association prepared to carry out the grand object always had in view — the establishment of a school. Inquiries were made as to the cost of casts from the antique, and an application was made for the purchase of casts at the government museum in Paris. This led to the offer of a gift of casts from the administration of M. Thiers, in recognition of the generous sympathy evinced for the French Republic by the citizens of San Francisco. This fine gift, embracing nine large figures from the antique, numerous busts, and twenty of the finest slabs of the Parthenon frieze reliefs, arrived lately from Europe, accompanied by a large number of casts and flat studies bought by the Association, sufficient in all to equip a school of high character. The collection of casts, including some admirable life and decorative studies, has been handsomely mounted, and it formed the most attractive feature of the winter exhibition which recently closed. It has given to very many young people born in California, and to citizens from the West, the first opportunity they have had to become acquainted with Greek sculpture, which is represented by such noble examples, among others, as the "Venus of Milo," "The Fighting Gladiator," "The Discobolus," "The Apollo Belvedere," "The Musical Faun," "The Faun with a Child," etc. A carefully written descriptive catalogue, prefaced by a brief history of Greek art, makes the display doubly instructive.

Public interest has been so drawn to art by the exhibitions of the Association, and by its receptions, which are the most refined social events of the city, that the membership has risen to upward of seven hundred, embracing most of the best people, and including about a hundred life members. After paying for the fitting up of an exhibition hall and school-rooms, for the casts and flat studies, and other material, the Association has a fund of more than \$5,000 ahead, with ample revenues to meet all current expenses. Besides its collection of casts and flat studies, it has acquired, by gift and purchase, a small but choice library of art books worth \$2,500. The artists have been brought together in a spirit of friendly competition, and besides joining the Association, have formed a graphic club, which meets weekly for impromptu sketching, and numbers above thirty members.

The character of local art work has much improved, public taste in art has been somewhat educated, and the statistics of art trade show a marked increase in the demand for good original pictures. There are now private collections in San Francisco which include examples of the best contemporary masters in France, Germany, and America, and the value of which goes high up into the thousands. Local art runs mostly in the direction of landscape, in which department the names of Thomas Hill, Virgil Williams, and William Keith stand pre-eminent, and are known to many in the Atlantic States. Mr. Williams, however, is also an excellent figure and animal painter, and his charcoal drawings of wild animal and wood scenes are second only to those of Carl Bod-

mer. William Hahn, of Dusseldorf, excels in *genre* subjects, and has also made some capital studies of Chinese interiors and street scenes,—among the most peculiar features of San Francisco. Samuel M. Brooks is masterly in such still-life subjects as fish and fruit. In the former specialty, in particular, Bierstadt, when he was in San Francisco, said he has no equal in America. All his works are nature studies, with little effort at composition. G. J. Denny is excellent in marine painting, and Irwin and Shaw lead in portraiture. There are other clever artists in all the above lines. Sculpture has an able representative in P. Mezzara, a pupil of David, of Paris, who is executing colossal figures for the State Capitol in Sacramento, and whose skill was availed of in repairing and mounting the casts of the Art Association.

Too many of the second class of resident artists evince a culpable, plagiaristic tendency, for which they will sooner or later pay in the loss of public favor, as art knowledge becomes more general. In the exceedingly varied and beautiful scenery of California, ranging from the arctic to the semi-tropical, from the Alpine to the lowland and prairie-like; in the new forms of animal and plant life; in the picturesque remains of Mexican costume, architecture and character; in the odd infusions of many foreign nationalities;—there is rich material for original work, which will in a few years lead to the creation of a distinctive local school of art. Then the bland climate which permits comfortable out-of-door sketching for quite three hundred days in the year, and lends its own peculiar charms to landscape and water views, should allure artists to nature, and make them study her with fresh and original motives, as some of the most honest do already, and as nearly all of the young generation of painters will do who are to be educated in California.

Looking to such a result, a committee appointed by the Art Association, and consisting of Thomas Hill, Virgil Williams, S. W. Shaw, J. B. Wandesforde (formerly of New York), P. Mezzara, Edward Bosqui, and B. P. Avery, has adopted a plan for "The California School of Design," which institution opened in the Association rooms early in February, under the directorship of Virgil Williams. The plan provided for classified tuition in drawing, painting, and modeling, and ultimately for instruction in architectural and mechanical drawing, and generally in art as applied to trade and manufactures. The school will be managed by the director, who is well qualified for the task by twenty years of art training, ten of them in Europe, by considerable experience in teaching at Boston and Cambridge, by thorough proficiency as a draughtsman and colorist, and by a confirmed habit of referring all method to nature, to which great teacher he will take his pupils. The above committee will have business control of the school. It is proposed that it shall be affiliated with the State University, and receive State aid. In the event of this idea being realized, as it is quite likely to be, the school will be free to such of the university students as desire to study art, and may eventually be made free to all. Its pupils will doubtless be largely recruited from the drawing classes in the common schools, and it will thus stand to the latter in the relation of a high school of art.

The young city of San Francisco is intelligently mindful of the value of æsthetic culture, and bids fair to rank, by and by, as one of the centres of fine art in the United States. Of course much hard work is yet to be done, but it has been well commenced, in an earnest spirit, which aims at thoroughness and truth. If continuously managed in this spirit and with this aim, the California School of Design will deserve the sympathy of the friends of art and morals all over the country, and will especially deserve the fostering aid of the wealthy citizens of San Francisco.

—B. P. Avery.

BUDS.

EVERY year we are delighted by the beauty of the opening buds. Among the most beautiful to examine are those of the beech, a tree which is always exquisite, whether in its glory of tender foliage or in its winter suit of gray. Its buds before they expand are very long and narrow, but now the enwrapping scales, which served for protection against the cold, are relaxing, and the leaves protrude their tender tips, reminding one of a child's palms pressed closely together. They are very delicate, and clothed with silky white hairs which disappear when the leaves

mature. Some of the young beech leaves are not at all green, but of the most exquisitely tender salmon-color.

The young leaves of the red maple at this season foreshadow their autumnal glory. They have a peculiar red tint which changes ultimately into green, but possess a delicacy which the latter foliage has not. Some of the cultivated varieties of maple are particularly pretty. One has a cluster of yellowish green flowers bursting forth from the reflexed scales, which are prettily tinted with different shades of yellow and brown.

The birches are now in their perfection—the yellow, pendulous tassels ornamenting the drooping boughs and showering us with pollen as we pass. The fertile catkins are much smaller and shorter, and appear between the budding leaves which are themselves very lovely in shading and outline. They exhibit nothing peculiar in their manner of opening, but their elegant shape and strongly marked veining, together with their fresh green, impart much beauty to them.

The branches of hickory are surmounted by huge terminal buds fragrant with the odor of nuts. These buds are remarkable for their size and for the satiny-like appearance of the scales when reflexed. Some of them are of a brilliant red hue, changing in different lights, the outer side being clothed with down. The leaves also are hairy, and rise like five little silver spoons standing on end, with the concave surfaces facing inward and touching at the apex. The "balm-of-gilead" has its buds varnished with a sweet-smelling, sticky substance used for wounds; hence the name of this common tree. It may easily be made to bud in the house in anticipation of its regular time, when its tassels are very charming ornaments or good models for those who are drawing from nature. The leaves of the shad-bush (*Amelanchier*) are oval and slightly serrate, and in hue are a delicate mingling of green and brownish red. The stipules are long, narrow, and hairy. The texture of the leaves is very thin. Oaks elongate their new stems while the leaves are yet coming out. These are at first very small, red and greenish, and each lobe terminates in a sharp point, which is almost a hair. Each class of trees has a distinctive method of unfolding, and all are worthy of examination, as illustrating so many varied forms of beauty, of design, and of forethought.

In the swamps the cinnamon-ferns are uncurling their woolly fronds, and stand together like a group of reverend bishops at a council, with uplifted croziers. They are sometimes known as "fiddle-heads," and the comparison is not inapt, for as we look upon them we expect to hear the tuning of their viols and see the fairies dance upon the greensward.

It is interesting to watch the growth of plants from the seed, and those are very unobserving who do not daily have their attention called to them. They are springing up about us everywhere. Under almost any sugar-maple tree we will find a family of infant maples, shifting for themselves in a highly creditable manner. Each little plant consists of two long and narrow seed leaves elevated on a slender stem, from the summit of which proceeds two other leaves of the ordinary pattern. These are often beautifully tinted with shades of color reminding us of the autumnal glory of the parent, except that there is a freshness and delicacy about these which the older leaves have not. Little oaks, too, may be seen backing out of their acorn cradles, and holding up their pretentious heads as the scions of such noble stock should do. If we are very lucky, we may find a chestnut also starting on its pilgrimage of life; but small boys and squirrels are active opponents to the continuance of the species from the seed.

Of all these seedlings, perhaps the horse-chestnut is the most remarkable. The nut is so gorged with albuminous food for the embryo, that when it germinates it once asserts its dignity as a tree, with a woody stem surmounted by a tuft of green leaves such as at any time we may notice on its predecessor. Besides the infant trees, we can find a countless host of sprouting herbs. In swampy places, especially, the seed leaves, which are in fact the seed itself split open, may be seen everywhere. There is nothing very distinctive about them, nothing by which we can tell, if we take the founding home, whether we are cherishing the progeny of a weed, or the hopeful child of some forest beauty. If left to grow, perhaps in time they may come to shade our own descendants. Hoping it may be so, we considerably leave them to the hand of nature.

—W. W. Bailey.

LAKE GEORGE.

A FEW generations ago, two powerful European nations, England and France, contended with each other from behind forts William Henry and Carillon, for the possession of the beautiful and classic waters in the northeastern part of New York State, known as Lake George. The wrestlings of these giants, who called to their aid thousands of savages from the deep forests, caused many a bloody battle to be fought on the shores of what is now one of the most peaceful, enchanting and picturesque lakes in the world. The Empire State is filled with beautiful lakes bearing such romantic Indian names as Chautauqua, Canandaigua, Cayuga, Otsego, Oneida, and Seneca; the great northern, or Adirondack wilderness, contains almost numberless little inland seas, set like mirrors between the emerald hills, and tradition asserts that the enchanting Hudson River draws its head-waters from an hundred lakes; yet the peer of all these, for its beauty, historical associations, and those numberless attractions which endear it to artists, tourists, and pleasure seekers, is Lake George! The Indians, in their beautiful language, called Lake George "Horicon," or silver water; they named Lake Champlain, into which its waters flow, "Kangatare Quarante," the lake that is the gate of the country, and that narrow portion of Champlain, extending from Whitehall to Ticonderoga, was called "Tsinondrosa," or the tail of the lake. Early French writers designated Lake Champlain as the "Mere des Iroquois," and Vermont was called "Irocoisia." One Father Joques, the first white man who looked upon the waters of Lake George, in 1646, while on his way from Canada to the Mohawk country, named it "Lac du Sacrement," in consequence of his having arrived at its outlet on the eve of the festival of Corpus Christi. Its waters were so clear they were actually sent to Canada for baptismal purposes. The ancient Iroquois name of Lake George was "Andia-ti-roc-te" (There the lake shuts itself). In August, 1755, General William Johnson, while flaunting the red cross of England before the lily of France, gave orders that the lake should be called Lake George, "not only in honor of his Majesty, but to assert his undoubted dominion there," and by this name it has been known ever since, much to the regret of those who prefer romantic Indian names, and have no special affection for old King George.

Lake George is situated in Warren County, New York, sixty miles north of Albany; it is some thirty-four miles long, by from one to four in width, and has a depth in places of two hundred feet. Its waters flow into Lake Champlain, four miles distant, past the site of the old French fort. The surface of this American Como is dotted with numerous beautiful islands, said to equal in number one for each day in the year. Its shores are bold headlands, and it contains narrows, exquisite bays, and is surrounded with high mountain peaks. James Fenimore Cooper, in his famous story of "Leatherstocking," has peopled its shores with the creations of his fancy—Uncas, the "last of the Mohicans," Alice, and Hawkeye. No region of country has furnished so many delightful sketches for the pencil and brush of the artist as this, and poets have ever found in it a theme for inspiration. Sings Charles Fenno Hoffman:

"The mountain-tops are bright above,
The lake is bright beneath—
And the mist is seen, the rocks between,
In a silver shroud to wreath.
Now on the broad lake's waters blue
Dances many a light canoe;
And banded there in wampum sheen.
Many a crested chief is seen.

They bear their pirogues of birchen bark
Far in the shadowy forest glade,
And plunge them deep in covert dark
Of the closely-woven hazel shade;
Then stealthily tread in each other's track,
And with wary step come gliding back.
And when the wave again is won,
Unlace the beaded moccasin,
And covering first with careful hand
The foot-marks dash'd in the yielding sand,
Round jutting point and dented bay,
Through the wave they take their winding way."

Lake George may be reached from Glen's Falls by stage, a distance of nine miles, or by steamboat from Whitehall to Ticonderoga, and thence by stage, a distance of four miles. Pleasure seekers passing to and fro over the waters of Lake Champlain, on their way from New York to Montreal, the Green Mountains, or the Adirondacks, frequently stop over at Ticonderoga, and take a run down to Lake George,



FOURTEEN-MILE ISLAND, LAKE GEORGE.—THOMAS MORAN.

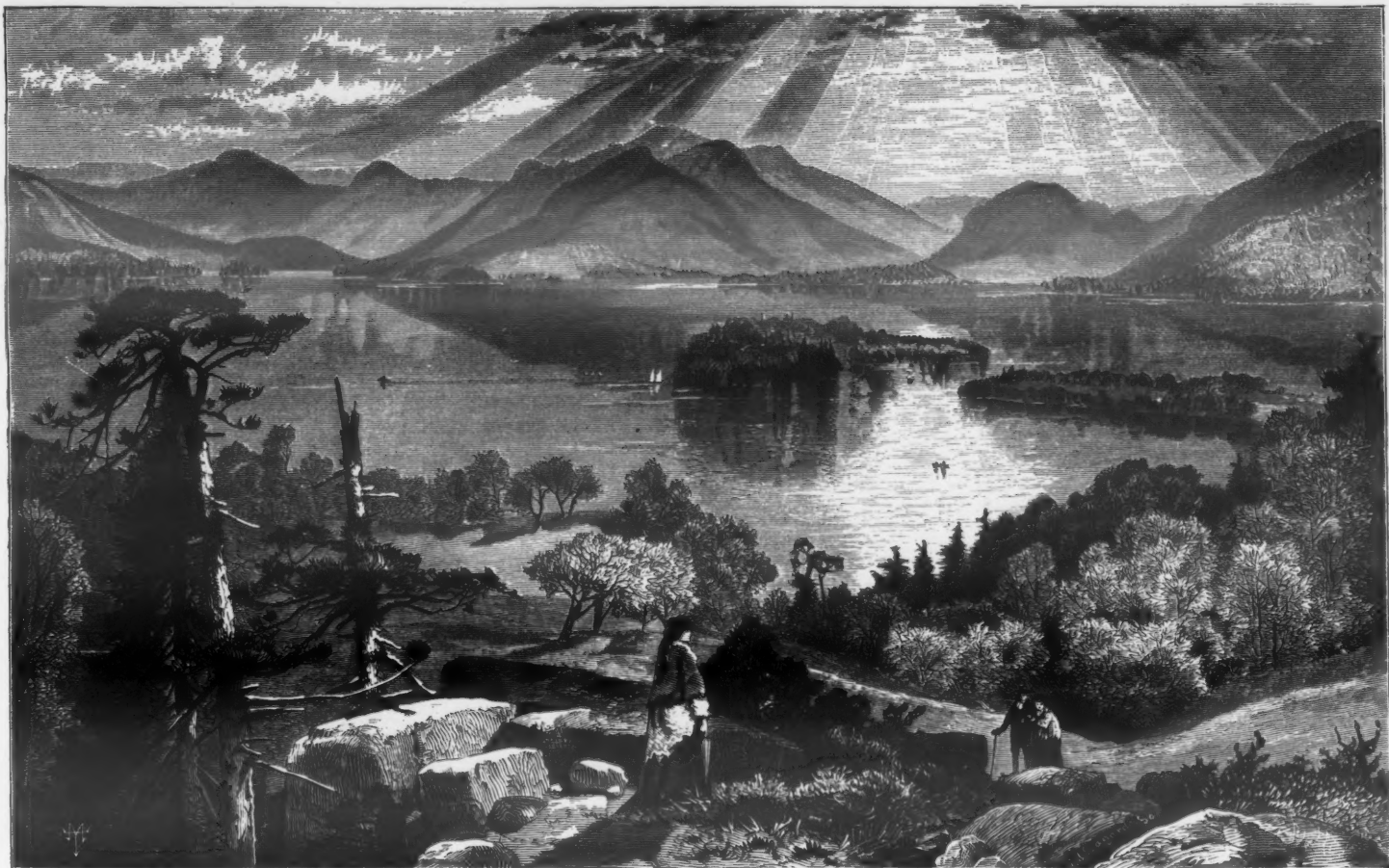
a spot which should be seen once in a lifetime, at least, by every American lover of fine, natural scenery. A lovely view of the lake, admirably represented in the full-page picture by Thomas Moran, is obtained from the Glen's Falls Road while going toward Caldwell. The great hotel erected on the site of the old fort William Henry, after which it is called, may be seen at the left. Placed at the head of the lake, this noble building enjoys probably the finest location, all things considered, of any similar resort in the whole world. At least, such was the opinion of General Sherman, after his return from his great foreign tour, as proudly repeated by mine

host, the elder Roessle, to all admiring guests. Aside from his well-known position as proprietor of two of the greatest hotels in the country, Mr. Roessle is a landscape artist of no ordinary attainments, as is evinced in many details of the superbly appointed house and the surrounding grounds. When "the season" is at its height, the magnificent piazza, some four hundred feet in length and broad enough for a "company front," the brilliantly lighted grounds, and gay costumes of visitors, together with the natural charms of earth, air and water, form a picture such as is rarely to be enjoyed, even by the most devoted sight-seer. Black Mountain, which rises near the

centre of the picture, has a bare and rocky summit, twenty-eight hundred feet high; while Tongue Mountain is at the right of the picture. A bird's-eye view, still more extensive, may be obtained from Prospect Mountain, on the southern border of the lake. A road runs from Caldwell to the top of this mountain, where an observatory has been erected overlooking the trees. From this point, the lake with its many islands can be seen, a broad expanse of mountain region, the town of Caldwell, the North Bay, the village of Bolton, etc. The steamboat *Minnehaha* makes a daily trip from the hotel to the northern terminus of the lake and back. He who makes this delightful



VIEW FROM FOURTEEN-MILE ISLAND, LAKE GEORGE.—THOMAS MORAN.

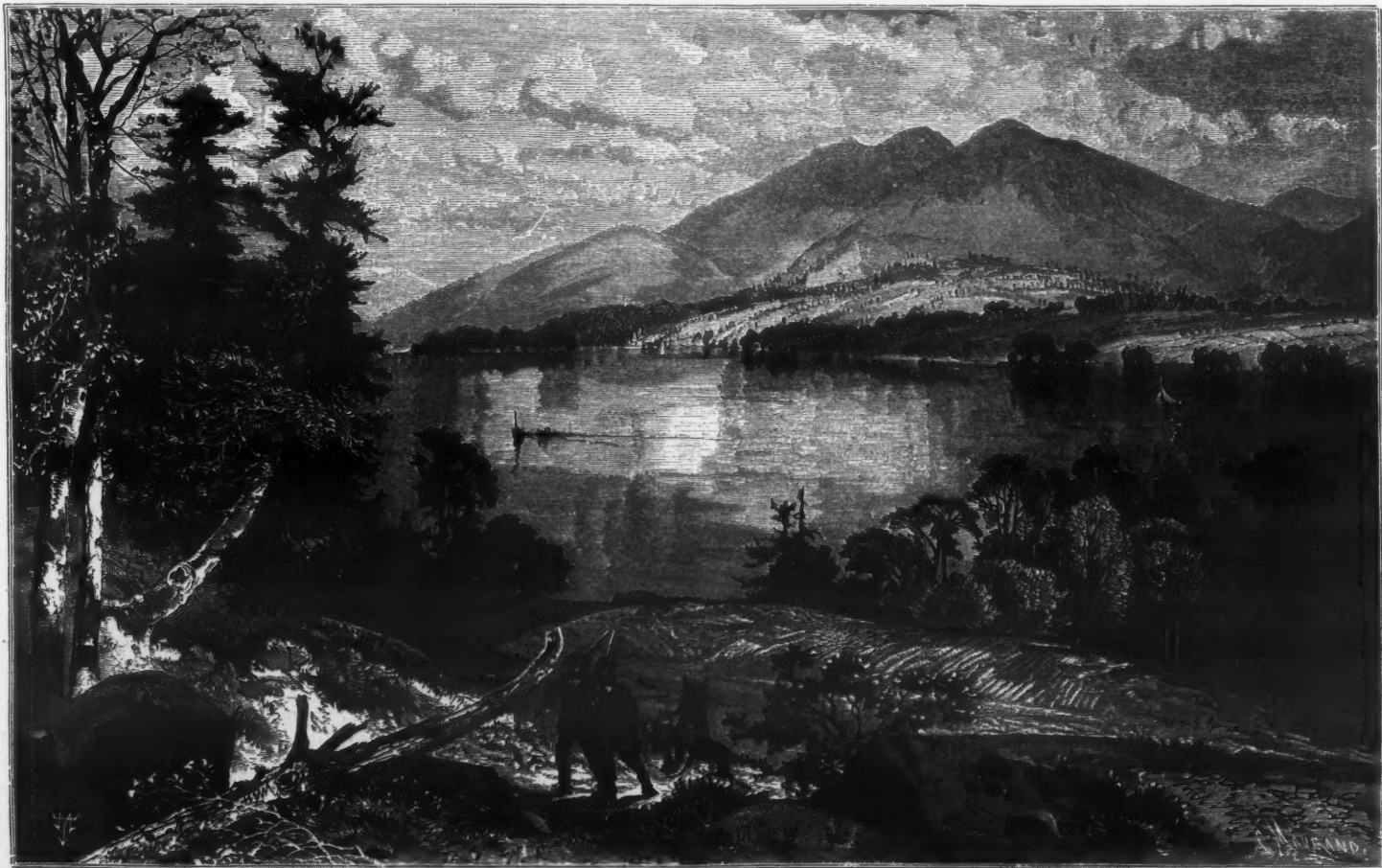


LONG ISLAND, LAKE GEORGE.—THOMAS MORAN.

sail may see all the points of beauty illustrated in these pages, and, as our compositions used to say, "many more, too numerous to mention": Ship, or Sloop Island, so named from its fancied resemblance to a ship, which is near the Hermitage, or Recluse Island, where a New York gentleman has built a handsome villa; Fourteen-Mile Island, near the entrance of the Narrows, which is crowded with islands, several hundred clustering here. Black Mountain is again prominently seen in this illustration. The view looking from Fourteen-Mile Island is a charming one, showing, as it does, the mountains, and the islands which dot the Narrows. The last picture re-

presents Cat Mountain, as seen from Monastery Hill. Other points of interest in and about Lake George are Tea Island, one mile from the Caldwell landing, a favorite resort for pic-nics; Diamond Island, so called from the quartz crystal found there; the Three Sisters; Long Island, admirably shown in the illustration above; the Three Brothers; Dome Island, which is richly wooded; Shelving-Rock Falls, which are a mile south of Fourteen-Mile Island, and prove to be a very pretty cascade, tumbling into a little stream which empties into Shelving-Rock Bay; Sugar-Loaf Mountain; Bosom Bay and the village of Dresden; Buck Mountain, over the side of which

a hotly-pursued buck leaped to be impaled on a tree below; Sabbath-Day Point; Anthony's Nose; and Rogers' Slide. There are interesting legends connected with many of these places, while the numerous battle-fields around the lake, and the historical reminiscences connected with them, and such warriors as Abercrombie, Lord Howe, Major Schuyler, the Six Indian Nations, General Johnson, Israel Putnam, Marquis de Montcalm, Ethan Allen, and others, give this whole region of country an air of historical romance possessed by but a few places in America. Lake George has now become one of the great fashionable watering-places, excelled by none.



CAT MOUNTAIN, LAKE GEORGE.—THOMAS MORAN.

THE ANSWER.

WARM was the sun of the summer,
Fragrant the breath of the flowers,
Shall sweet things be but the forerunner
Of woes in this world of ours?
O cannot and may not the summer,
The warmth, of our pleasures last,
Are all things and all
Like red leaves to fall,
In glory—and then, oh! the blast?

O mantle and fall of white snow!
O flake and icicle pure!
Well, well, doth the eye, seeing, know
Your speech as you lodge at the door;
Our hearts read the story of woe,
And our brains sound the knowledge we cast—
Are all things and all
Like red leaves to fall,
In glory—and then, oh! the blast?

The answer we read in the stars—
God's jewels and man's keen delight—
O'er earth's grand commotions and wars
Still shines His ineffable light.
We float in our hopes on frail spars,
'Till, reaching the haven at last,
Know all things and all
Like red leaves must fall
But never more, on earth, the blast!

—John Worthington.

THE STORY OF JOCK WILLISTON.

"SOME of our folks go over to the Island to meeting to-day; you'd like to go along, maybe?" queried our host at breakfast, on the morning of our second Sunday at L—.

"To the Island? Delightful! Let us go, of course!"

"It's a good piece of walking from the landing to the church, you know."

"How far?"

"About two miles—up hill and down dale."

"Only two miles! A mere nothing!" we chorused, smiling at each other as we remembered how impassable two miles of our native pavement might have seemed on that midsummer day. But here, with the wooing note of the sea in our ears, and the strength of the salt air tingling through our veins, what might we not do and dare?

So light was the breeze, as we stood waiting on the beach, that we scarcely felt it strike our raised hands; yet the little boat which came to take us off caught the soft breath in her sails, and wafted us across the channel gently and noiselessly as a spirit.

I need not pause to describe the walk that followed, although we remembered it long afterward with keen delight. The undulating slopes robed with spruce and fir of marvelous symmetry and color; the gray outcrop of limestone rock rending the crisp carpet of short grass, and dry, brown moss spread along the roadside; the half-score little coves of wondrous beauty, where fleets of small boats, like white-winged water-fowl, rocked lazily at anchor, and the blue water plashed softly upon tiny islets, whose quaint rock-work was veiled and garlanded by creeping vines and nodding harebells; and—far off—the line where sky and ocean met, embracing all with suggestions of the infinite harmony;—all these, then almost unprofaned, are grown familiar in these later years, even to most careless eyes.

The small, white church, with its odd cupola and slowly swinging bell, came in sight at length, crowning the summit of a gentle elevation. Entering, we took our places among the worshippers.

The greater part of the simple discourse I have long since forgotten, but the closing words, spoken in the low, musical voice of the preacher, as he bent above the pulpit rail, sound in my memory still:

"Hear, then, once more, the words of the text: 'That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' Sometimes, my brethren, we look long for the brightness of that rising. Even the eyes that watch for the morning may scarce discern night from dawn. Yet there is no soul but some time—somewhere—stands in the shining of that Light. Every sacrifice of self, every victory of love, is but its broken reflection. God forbid that any one of you, having felt the divine radiance, should go away again into the outer darkness!"

A hymn was sung, the fervent blessing asked, and, passing out with the congregation, we turned aside into the churchyard, to spend the hour of noonday intermission. Strolling about among the quiet groves, many of which, especially the resting-places of little children, were strewn tenderly with bright-hued

shells and pebbles, my attention was arrested by the contrast between the low, plainly carved stones around me, and a tall, slender shaft of the purest Italian marble, rising from a solid granite pedestal at a little distance beyond. Drawing nearer, I read in beautifully embossed characters:

In memory of
JOCK WILLISTON,
Who came to himself, and to his
Father's House,
On Christmas Day, 1840.
'They that sat in darkness, saw a great light.'

The brief epitaph, beneath whose quaint phrase some unusual significance seemed concealed, aroused in me a strong desire to know more of the quiet sleeper below. The wish must have been unconsciously betrayed in my countenance, for a wrinkled, kindly faced old lady, who sat upon a bench near by, with an open lunch basket, and two rosy grandchildren at her knee, suddenly beckoned me to a place beside her, saying, as if in answer to a spoken question,

"The words do seem odd for a grave-stone, ma'am, but indeed the Lord's dealin's with poor Jock were past our findin' out. You never heard tell of him, I judge?"

"No,—but I have never been here before."

"Likely enough,—and yet every child on the coast could tell you the story. It was in the Portland papers, too—but—bless me! that must 'a' been nigh twenty years ago. No wonder you wouldn't remember."

The old dame's eyes brightened, and she paused, as if to please herself with the anticipation of an interested listener.

"You knew him, then, this Jock, as you call him?" I hinted gently.

"Knew him?" she answered with a musing smile.

"I dressed him the night he was born,—a strong-limbed, hearty babe, with bright, black eyes, and hair as dark and curly as Jamie's here. That was Christmas Eve, and just one week afterward, on New Year's Day, the brig *Sea Gull* foundered off the coast of Newfoundland, with Cap'n Williston and all his men, and so the poor baby never saw his father's face."

"Poor little Mis. Williston! I can see just how she looked, lyin' there day after day, as white and helpless as a broken day-lily, with that little brown head tucked against her cheek; 'twas only the baby that kept her alive. She'd make me hold him to the light a dozen times a day. 'You're *sure* his eyes won't turn any lighter, Mis. Dawson?' she'd say. You see the cap'n had a coal-black eye. And then again, 'He grows, Mis. Dawson? You think he's *very* well, don't you?' in a voice that wistful, that I had a master fight with myself to keep the water out of my eyes, instead of answering her up right cheerful, 'Well? I should think he did, the little cap'n! And growin'? Look at that arm! Why! he'll be liftin' his mother off the bed before she knows it!' Then she'd smile a little pale smile, and put her two arms round my neck, poor thing! for she was scarce more'n a baby herself."

"Well, the time passed on, and little Jock grew up, as brave and handsome a lad as you could wish to see. It was real sunshine to my eyes to see him walkin' alongside of his mother, drawin' himself up, and keepin' step with her like a grown man. So tender of her, too, he was, leavin' all his mates for her if she was alone, and forever layin' out what he meant to do for her when he was a man. And what with bein' so fond and proud of him, she got to look, barrin' her black dress, almost the same as when the cap'n was alive. Ah, me! I've thought a many times since how merciful it is in the Lord to let us see so little ways ahead. In the best of times, we're only ships in a fog, and have to steer by compass."

"The summer Jock was twelve year old, was amazin' sickly all along the coast. I was nigh beat out nursin' 'Bijah Porter's wife through the typhoid, and had come home one Wednesday afternoon to get a little rest. As I was lyin' on the lounge, in a half-doze, the door opened, and Mis. Williston come in. She never stopped nor spoke, but come straight across the floor, with a face white as a ghost. Then she put her hands on my shoulders, and says she, 'Mis. Dawson, my Jock's got the fever.' I rose up like a flash, and put my shawl over my head, and went home with her. And I never came home, ma'am, for seven weeks. Awesome weeks they were, ma'am. The nights were worst. I used to feel as if we two were fightin' Death hand to hand for that

boy, and he a tossin' on the pillow, his red cheeks sunk away, all his curly hair shaved close to his head, and in all that time never givin' us one reasonable word or look. It was the fourth week, when I minded, one mornin', as Mis. Williston sat by the bed, that her hair was turnin', but by the seventh, ma'am, when the fever left him, it was as white as mine is now."

"All but the least breath of life was burnt out of him, and when he did once begin to mend, it was so slow that it took us a great while to find out that any thing was wrong. It come to me, first, when I went into the bedroom, one afternoon, of a sudden. He didn't see me for a minute, and laid there a playin' with his fingers,—then, all to once, he looked up and laughed! That laugh! O ma'am! all the rest was as nothin' to that! I just sunk down into a chair, and groaned, 'O Lord! have mercy on his mother!' Not *that*!"

"The Lord did have mercy on her, but not in my way. He took her home that next winter, and I've thought many a time that I'd like to 'a' been by when he explained to her—as I'm certain he would—some things that we down here waited years and years for, and many more, belikes, that we've never found out at all."

"Poor little Jock got well again—in his body—that was all. His mind was clean gone. He used to go about gentle and harmless as a lamb. Whilst his mother lived, he'd follow her every step she took, but more like a dog than a human child. If she sat down, he'd just drop down at her feet, and rub his head on her knee, like a dumb thing. Not but that he talked yet—a good deal sometimes—but all in a weak, senseless fashion, that'd half-break your heart. He didn't seem to know the reason of any thing—he might be half-starved and yet never think of eatin' unless you put the victuals before him."

"There was a while after Mis. Williston died that I had a little hopes of him. He used to wander around as if he was searchin' for something, and sometimes, all to once, an odd look'd come into his face for half a second—you'd 'a' said, to look at him, that he was just a goin' to find it, whatever 'twas. It was then he took the habit that stuck to him ever after, of clappin' both hands to his head and sayin', 'It's comin'!' 'What's comin', Jocky?' I used to say sometimes, and the poor boy'd stare up into my face with a dazed, 'wildered look for a minute, and then break out into one of his weak, senseless smiles."

"There was little or nothin' left to take care of him with; but not a man or woman on the island would ever 'a' let a child o' Cap'n Williston's come to want, let alone his bein' a poor unfortunate like Jock. So we all adopted him, as you might say, and he used to go and come from one house to another just as suited him. On the whole, he seemed to stick to me the most. You'll wonder at it, maybe, but the poor boy was real company for me, after all, bein' alone so much when Zebedee—that was my man—was gone off on his whalin' voyages."

"I used to be a master hand to read my Bible in them days, though my old eyes 've been too dim for it now this many a year. Thank the Lord, though, that I can see the page a'most as well as ever in my mind! I had a habit of readin' out loud a great deal, seemin' to get the sense better so—especially in the Psalms—and queer as you might think it, there Jock'd lay stretched on the rug, before the fireplace, a listenin' by the hour. I used to think 'twas the sound o' my voice he liked, for he didn't know enough to understand a single word rightly. But howsoever that was, hearkenin' to me readin' was one of the two things he seemed to like best in the world. The other was to go out with the men in the boats. Of course he wasn't of any particular use, but they all humored him, and sometimes, in the mackerel season, they'd keep him out for days and weeks to a time."

"But I must hurry along, ma'am, or I'll be tiring you out. All this while Jock was growin' up, and at twenty he was a great, strong fellow, standin' a good six foot in his stockin's. He didn't look that tall, though, owin' to his stoopin' some and walkin' with a shufflin', shamblin' sort o' gait, such as you've minded in others, maybe, when the brain didn't hold the tiller."

"It was that same summer when Mabelle Devereux first came to the Island. Her father was a French gentleman, who had lived a great many years in this country. Bein' out of health, he thought to try the sea air for awhile. I'm an old woman, and I've seen many a fresh face in my time, but never another that

was fit to set alongside Mabelle Devereux'. There was a picture in Parson Ellet's parlor, over the mantel-piece, that came from over seas,—a Madonna he called it,—and I've heard tell that it was copied after the greatest picture of the greatest painter that ever lived. But that's neither here nor there,—only when I first set my eyes on Mabelle, sittin' one Sunday in Deacon Price's pew,—Mis. Price was aunt to Mabelle's mother,—I leaned over the forward pew before I thought what I was doin', and whispered to 'Bijah Porter's wife, 'Look there! There's Parson Ellet's picture stepped out o' the frame!'

"Mabelle was as good as she was pretty. I used to tell them that all the young men on the coast just stood afar off and worshiped her. The girls doted on her, too,—she seemed too different from all the rest to be the least bit jealous of. Old Mr. Devereux was masterly pleased with the Island, and I heard him talkin' with Parson Ellet once, at a clam-bake, about the 'hospitality of the inhabitants, and their remarkable sympathy with an invalid's sufferin's,' and it's bein' 'really rare, my dear sir, to find such delicate feelin' among the common people.' 'Common people,' indeed! I ached to speak up right there, and say 'You fool! so you think it's for you that twenty boats are ready mornin', noon, or night, with two or three stout young fellows to each one, to row or sail you where you like?' But I bit my lips, and held still, which was better for us both.

"All little children and brute beasts loved Mabelle at first sight, and it was no wonder that poor Jock took to her, too. She used to spend 'most all the pleasant days out-doors with her father, for Mr. Devereux, when he didn't choose to go out on the water, would have a great chair carried down to the shore, and sit there in the sun. Mabelle would ramble up and down the beach, or climb about among the rocks, coming around every little while to see if her father wanted any thing. Jock got by degrees to followin' her for all the world as he used to his mother, before she died. Some girls wouldn't have wanted the great foolish fellow around, or would even have been afraid of him, maybe, but it wasn't so with Mabelle. She used to speak to him in her quiet, gentle way, and he minded her voice like a little child. It was wonderful how many things she made him do for her that nobody else would 'a' thought of trying to make him understand. I used to wonder sometimes if he'd had somebody like her when he was a little fellow and first lost his mind, if he mightn't partly have got it back again, after all.

"One afternoon I started to go down by the fish house that Tom Porter 'd left there dryin', and I'd promised him to see to. I went toward where Mr. Devereux was sittin' in his chair, and Mabelle standin' by him. There were three or four spruce-lookin' young men talkin' with them, that had come over that day in a yacht from Portland, and a little ways off, by the side of a rock, half-sittin' and half-lyin' in the sun, was Jock. I couldn't hear what the young men were sayin', but I saw they looked at Jock, and laughed, and in a minute one of them stepped up to him and gave his chin a pull, sayin' somethin' that set them all off again. I was close by them, and a sharp word was on the end of my tongue, when something seemed to stop me, and I looked at Mabelle. O, ma'am, I'd never seen her like that! So tall and so terrible! Her whole body trembled, her eyes flashed, and a red spot burned in her cheek, and then went out in an instant and left her face like ashes. She didn't seem to walk toward Jock—she went as the wind goes. She put her hand on his shoulder, and he gazed up into her face. I'll never forget that sight. The same pitiful, dazed look that I knew so well, come over my poor boy's face once more—his hand went slowly up to his forehead. 'It's comin'!' he said. 'Comin'?' she answered, in a low voice that rung like a bell,— 'Yes, my poor brother! Yes, a thousand times! Comin' in God's time!' 'Mabelle! Why, Mabelle!' said Mr. Devereux, but she did not seem to hear. Turnin' half about, she saw me. 'Go now with Mis. Dawson, Jock!' she said in her old voice, and he came to me in a moment. We walked on a few steps, and I looked around, and saw the young men standin' still with their eyes on the ground, and Mr. Devereux leanin' on Mabelle's arm, and walkin' slowly up the hill. Tom Porter and Ben Britton were masterly disappointed that the Portland chaps went home next mornin' instead o' stayin' for a week's fishin' as they'd given out they would. The boys had allowed to make a good bit out of them for odd jobs, but Mabelle and I kept our own counsel.

"Mabelle and her father went home in November, and a little while after, Mis. Deacon Price told me they had gone to France.

"The fall of 1840 was a hard one for folks as got their livin' by the sea. One gale beat close upon another, and more than one boat from the Island went to pieces. Winter came, at last, and it was a comfort to have the mackerel schooners all in, and settle down a little. Comfort, leastwise to some, more than to me, for Zebedee was away somewhere in the north seas, and many a gusty night I used to lay and never shut my eyes till daybreak.

"Christmas Eve came. All day the Island had been choked in a cold mist. Away to the northeast the gray bank of fog broke a little as the sun went down, and showed a pile of cloud black as midnight.

"Jock 'd been stayin' with me ever since summer. He didn't seem like himself that night, so restless and uneasy-like, and to see if I couldn't pacify him, I got my Bible and begun to read just where it opened, which happened to be at the eighteenth Psalm. He threw himself down and listened, but he had such a queer, wild look, that I shut the Bible after a little, and told him to go up-stairs to bed. He started docile enough, but at the chamber door he stopped so long that I spoke to him again:

" 'Go on, now, Jock—that's my good boy.' He gave such a start that I was scared for a minute, then he put up his hand, and said, quite loud,

" 'It's comin'! To-night!'

"Then he went up stairs.

"Somehow I couldn't go to bed. I felt as if something was goin' to happen. The very air wasn't natural. Before I knew it, I'd be sayin' over to myself, 'It's comin'—to-night!' 'Twas no use tryin' to scold myself out of my feelin's, and so, at last, I just lopped down on the lounge with my clothes on. As I laid there, I could hear the wind risin' and the surf pound on the rocks outside of the bar. I heard the clock strike ten, and eleven, and then I must 'a' gone into a heavy sleep, for when I woke up all of a sudden, the last spark of fire was out and the room cold as a grave. The candle was burnt down into the stick, till there was hardly a gleam of light left. I got up, for I was shiverin' like an ague-chill, and as I walked across the floor, I felt the old house tremble in the gale, and the roar of the sea was like one long roll of thunder. Then, all to once—it's a dreadful sound, ma'am, in a night like that—I heard a gun, and in a minute more, another, and I fell down on my knees and prayed for the poor wretches perishin' out there in the storm. I couldn't abear to stay alone, so I put something around me and ran over through the dark to 'Bijah Porter's. They were all up, and 'Bijah and Tom had just come up from the shore. They couldn't make out any thing, they said, and the sea run so that there was nothin' to do but wait for light.

"Toward mornin' the wind went down, and with the first streak of dawn, we all went down to the beach. There was a great crowd there a'ready, and after a good while we could just make out a big black thing, lyin' partly out of the water to the leeward of Pirate's Rock, not more'n a quarter of a mile away.

" 'Poor creeturs!' said Bijah, 'they must 'a' been all dead hours ago.'

"So nigh the land, and Christmas Day! said Martha Price, who was a standin' close to me. Then she gripped my arm, and says she under her breath,

" 'Ma'am Dawson, I dare to say that it's a cruel thing!'

"I couldn't answer her. I felt like a blasphemer, for 'twas my own thought she'd voiced.

"All of a sudden I heard a noise behind me, like some one runnin', and the crowd parted every way. I turned around, and for an instant, ma'am, I thought the sea 'd give up the dead it swallowed two and twenty years ago! Wasn't it Cap'n Williston that stood there, with black eyes flashin' and the salt spray frozen into his hair? A dozen women screamed, and old Mis. Price fell down like dead.

" 'Jock!' I called out then, for I didn't know what I was sayin'— 'O Jock! is it come?'

"He didn't answer. I doubt if he heard or saw me at all. He stood starin' out to sea with such a face as I never saw on mortal man. All to once his voice, that used to be so weak like a child's, rung out strong and clear as a trumpet:

" 'He bowed the heavens, also, and came down, and darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. His pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.

" 'He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters.

" 'Thou wilt light my candle; the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness. For who is God, save the Lord, and who is a rock save our God?'

"The fog lifted up in the east, and the clear light touched his head. A minute more and the wreck was in full view. Jock turned like a flash and wrenched the glass out of Skipper Gibson's hand. He looked for an instant, then he dashed it down on the sand, and ran for the boat-house. The men looked at each other. Nobody seemed to breathe. Skipper Gibson was the first that spoke.

" 'Men!' he said, 'God calls us by a miracle!'

"It was like breakin' a spell. They ran, they shouted, they pulled down the boat. Jock was the first inside. Six times the swell beat her back, but the seventh she passed the breaker. Up and down over the white caps we could see her spring to the oars. The men told us after that Jock never spoke, but pulled with the strength of three, and that if in all those senseless years when he'd been so much upon the sea, he'd made the handlin' of a boat a study, he couldn't 'a' seemed to know better what to do. Skipper Gibson declared to his dyin' day that he believed the spirit of his father came back into Jock's body that day; but I think, ma'am, that it was another Spirit that lightened that darkness.

"We watched them as they made fast to the wreck, and then we made out two men climbin' up the side and into the riggin'. We saw through the glass one dark thing and then another handed down; then somethin' seemed to fall, and nothin' was clear for a little. The boat moved round and round the wreck, and headed for shore. As it came nearer, we made out Skipper Gibson and 'Bijah and the others, but no Jock. A hundred hands stretched out to pull 'em in. The skipper sprung over the bows.

" 'Quick! quick!' he called out. 'Lend a hand, and we may save them yet!'

"Who was it, ma'am, do you think, that lay white and still in that boat-bottom? A woman, and an old man and a young! It was Mabelle, and her father, and poor Jock!

"I needn't tell you how we worked. We that live here know how to snatch life out of the very maw of the hungry sea. Mabelle and Mr. Devereux were nigher frozen to death than drowned. The captain of the ship had 'em lashed to the riggin' and wrapped round and round with sail-cloth. Only that had kept them alive, and they two alone, of all on board, saw the sun rise after that awful night.

"But Jock—my Jock! We'd 'a' given our hearts to save him, but it wasn't to be. He climbed up first, the men told us, with the skipper after him, and cut the ropes himself. Mr. Devereux was handed down first, and then Jock lifted Mabelle in his arms, but just as the men in the boat took her from him, her cloak fell away and showed her face, white and set like death. Jock gave a great cry, threw up his arms, and fell over the ship's side. They picked him up in less'n a minute, but he must 'a' struck his head somehow, for there was a great bruise on his temple, and he never breathed nor stirred.

"I knew when I first set eyes on him that he was dead. I must 'a' felt, after they'd tried for hours to bring him to, and given up at last, something as Elisha did when the sons of the prophets came back from huntin' everywhere for Elijah, and he told them, 'Said I not unto you, Go not?' I thought the Lord had come so near in takin' poor Jock that we might 'a' seen 'the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.'

"He looked the image of his father in the coffin. Mr. Devereux couldn't leave his bed then, nor for weeks and weeks after, but he made Deacon Price go to Portland and get the best that money could buy—all rosewood and silver and satin and velvet. And such a funeral never was seen on the Island. I reckon that a thousand people stood in the graveyard and around the church, and scarce a dry eye among them all.

"There was no end of fine-spun talk among the doctors. Three of 'em came to talk with me one day, seein' that Jock had been with me so much, to find out all they could about him—the 'nature of his disease,' and so on. But I just made answer,

" 'It's no use, gentlemen! Beggin' your pardon, you've no cause to meddle with this thing. It's the Lord's doin's, and it's marvelous in our eyes!'

"And so they went away.

"Mr. Devereux had the stone set up, but 'twas Mabelle that told them what to put on it. The old

gentleman is dead, now, but Mabelle is married and lives in Boston, and every summer she comes down to the Island and brings her little boy, and when the afternoons are pleasant you can see them sittin' here in the graveyard on this very seat. She tells him over and over what I've been tellin' you, and he never gets tired of listenin'.

"Always, when she's done, he says:

" 'So that's why you named me Jock, mamma?'

"But bless me! there's the bell, ma'am. How I've been runnin' on! But you'll excuse an old woman whose life is mostly in the past."

—Mary A. P. Stansbury.

KNICKERBOCKER DAYS.

THE present city of New York, with its vast gathering of people from the four quarters of the globe, is so unlike the staid, pastoral, and withal warlike days of the city of Nieuw Amsterdam, which once stood "where nowadays the Battery lies," that it requires a considerable effort of the imagination to take one to the year of grace 1661, or thereabouts, and place him among the quaint people so characteristically portrayed by Mr. Gault in his "Knickerbocker Days." For a long time the Dutch claimed Manhattan Island as their own, and they founded a city upon its southern end, building a wall around it, and erecting forts to keep off the Yankees, the English, and the Indians, who were alike regarded as common enemies. Mr. Stedman, in his "Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's Call," has admirably described the life and times of that era in poetical numbers:

"Two windmills topped their wooden wall,
On Stadthuys gazing down,
On fort, and cabbage-plots, and all
The quaintly gabled town;
These flapped their wings and shifted backs,
As ancient scrolls determine,
To scare the savage Hackensacks,
Paumauks, and other vermin."

The scene depicted by the artist is one of quiet and primitive simplicity, almost Arcadian in its surroundings. The rough, but substantial and comfortable wooden house, with its piazza for lounging and smoking, is surrounded by the primeval forests of the yet almost unbroken forests of the New World, overlooking the lordly river discovered by Hendrick Hudson. This mansion may have stood as far away in the country as the Bouwery, or Beeckman's Wold, or the farm made famous by Peter Stuyvesant and his long-lived pear tree. The three Dutch governors of Nieuw Amsterdam, as written about by Washington Irving in his "History of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the end of the Dutch Dynasty," may be chatting together in the group in front of the porch, as seen in the picture. These governors, according to Diedrich Knickerbocker, indulged in "unutterable ponderings," and were named "Walter the Doubter, William the Testy, and Peter the Headstrong."

"These burghers grave and stately,
With schnapps and smoke and psalm,
Lived out their lives sedately."

There was a time when the family mansions on Wall Street were noted for the size and beauty of their gardens, and a gentleman who lived at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets had the finest graperies in the city! In that day the fashionable promenade extended from old Trinity Church to the Battery, and the "Breukelin ferrymen" were a jolly band of men, who pulled at the oars. Mr. Stedman has described in verse the habits of the Knickerbockers:

"At night the loyal settlers lay
Betwixt their feather-beds;
In hose and breeches walked the day,
And smoked and wagged their heads.
In petticoats of linsey-red,
And jackets neatly kept,
The wrouws their knitting-needles sped,
And deftly spun and swept."

Taking a look inside one of these Knickerbocker mansions, the poet exclaims:

"That ancient room! I see it now:
The carved nutwood dresser;
The drawers that many a burgher's vrouw
Begrudged their rich possessor;

The brace of high-backed leathern chairs,
Brass-nailed at every seam;
Six others ranged in equal pairs;
The bacon hung abeam;
The chimney-front with porcelain shelf;
The hearty wooden fire;
The picture, on the steaming delft,
Of David and Goliath."

The Knickerbocker days of New York have passed away, but their memory will remain fragrant and green so long as we preserve such names as Stuyvesant Square, Pavonia, Navesink, Communipaw, Wee-hawk, Hoboken, Bronx, Katts Kill, St. Nicholas, Haerlem, and many others. If, as Miss Mary L. Booth says, "the influence of the Dutch has gone



"A watching, as in childhood, for the flowers that one by one
Open their golden petals to woo the fitful sun."

with the old tiles around the fire-place," a glamor of romance still hangs about the early days of New York, which is echoed from the shores of Jersey, where, in many places, the language of Holland is yet retained.

AN OLD-TIME SEA-FIGHT.

THE history of the United States navy is one of which every American may be proud. From the first conflict, to the last, with which it has been engaged with enemies, its success and prowess have been remarkable. Surveying the whole field, from the first warlike maritime expedition attempted by the American colonists, when Captain Argal, of Virginia, in 1613, entered the Bay of New York with a fleet of three vessels to demand possession of the territory from the "pretended Dutch Governor," to Farragut, lashed to the mast of his flag-ship at Mobile, there is much which is brilliant, grand and thrilling to remember. When James Fenimore Cooper finished his "History of the Navy of the United States of America," in 1846, he wrote these prophetic words: "Divine Providence controls all for

its own great ends; but, should its laws work as they have done for the last half-century, the historian of the American navy who shall sit down to his labors in the year 1900, will have a task before him very different from that which has fallen to our share." Not even Mr. Cooper could have anticipated the great changes and events which occurred in less than twenty years afterward—naval conflicts which astonished the world, and a revolution in naval architecture which all Europe hastened to adopt.

In his spirited and beautifully drawn full-page picture, Mr. Julian O. Davidson, who has made a study of ships and marine views in all parts of the world, shows us with great vividness a desperate naval conflict of the period of the American Revolution. A sea-fight in those early days was frequently a hand-to-hand conflict; the sides of the vessels actually came in contact with each other, and boarding-parties stood ready to fall upon the hapless crew which should give the first opportunity for so doing. A battle of this kind would rage for hours, days and nights even, and a vast amount of dreadful and bloody work would be accomplished, requiring far more physical courage and endurance than is expected of men at the present day. Nowadays two iron-clads, or monitors, will throw great shots at each other miles away; and if any one is killed, the result is either accidental, or it is scientifically accomplished, thus robbing it of that personal bravery characteristic of other days.

In Mr. Davidson's picture, the conflict, which has been a hot one, is at its height. The smaller vessel has run across the bows of the larger, and the fire from it has been so severe, most of the men on the English man-of-war have crowded the upper deck, or clambered up into the rigging. The tops of two of the masts have been shot away, and fallen overboard, and the water is strewn with the debris of the battle, to which half-drowned sailors are clinging. The sails are riddled with grape and canister shots, yet the fight goes bravely on, for neither ship has struck its colors. Those who recollect that in 1779 the King of France and Dr. Franklin, the American Minister, put into commission quite a little fleet of war-ships, with Captain Paul Jones as commander-in-chief, will also remember that soon after this was done, the *Bon Homme Richard*, in charge of Commodore Jones, had a terrible conflict in September of that year with the English ship *Serapis*, commanded by Captain Richard Pearson, off Flamborough Head and Scarborough. The *Bon Homme Richard* was equal to a 32-gun frigate, while the *Serapis* carried 44 guns. Commodore Jones did not hesitate to attack the English ship, and the battle commenced at half-

past seven in the evening, and raged for several hours, or until the English ship hauled down its colors. At the first discharge of the *Richard's* 18-pound guns, two of the six burst, and the rest were abandoned. The American ship soon after ran ahead of the bows of her antagonist, and Paul Jones lashed the enemy's head-gear to his mizzen-mast. A spare anchor of the English ship was hooked into the quarter of the American. The *Serapis* caused the main deck guns of the *Richard* to be abandoned. The fight was continued on the upper deck and fore-castle by the use of muskets and grenades. After a short contest the Americans cleared the quarter-deck of the *Serapis*, driving the men below. They threw grenades into the *Serapis*, causing an awful explosion, killing twenty men and wounding thirty-eight. Both ships were frequently on fire. Finally, about an hour after the explosion, Captain Pearson hauled down the colors of the *Serapis* and surrendered to Paul Jones. The total loss of the *Richard* in this remarkable battle was about one hundred and thirty-two, while the *Serapis* lost one hundred and seventeen, besides some killed and wounded whose names could not be discovered.



AN OLD-TIME SEA-FIGHT.—J. O. DAVIDSON.

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OVERTURE TO SPRING.

Busy March is driving
Clouds in fleecy loads;
Thrifty March is striving
Last year's leaves to gather,
Lest the April weather
Find them on the roads.

Very bluff his wind-ways—
Winter tries to hide,
But the snow betrays,
Crouched in sheltered hollows;
Swift the brisk March follows,—
There she may not bide.

"Up, now! and be flitting"—
Thus he calls her forth—
"Time you should be quitting;
Make no shilly-shally,
Spring has leased the valley;
Pack up for the north!"

So the stout March blusters,
Courier to the spring;
Buds peep out in clusters,
For, so shy he knew them,
Sweet south airs to woo them,
Care he took to bring.

Trees that still were keeping
Old leaves dry and sere,
March sent warm sap creeping
Through their branches chilly,
Jeered and cheered them till he
Chased their mourning drear.

Then the birds! what clamor
From such tiny throats!
Without pause or stammer,
Scales and roulades trilling,
All the blithe air filling
With their new-found notes.

March sent sunbeams after
Brooks in frosty thralls,
Straightway merriest laughter
Gurgles and rejoices—
With the birds' clear voices
Making madrigals.

Thus to music setting
Prophecies of spring,
Has March been forgetting
Aught, the chorus making
Perfect quite, and waking
Dullest hearts to sing?

Where the sunlight glistens
Through the budding dells
Steps a maid, and listens—
Wrapped in Love's soft glory,
To the old-new story
He beside her tells.

Found at last! The lovers
Perfect make the chords;
March enraptured, hovers
Near, new blushes blowing
O'er the sweet face glowing
At the whispered words.

Discord and confusion
Banished are, I ween:
In sweet resolution
Melts the chord suspended:
March! your brave work's ended—
April may come in. —M. Despard.

CORREGGIO'S "LAST ANGEL."

BROTHER THADDEUS was once a brave officer, and served long and honorably in the Venetian army; but growing weary of a soldier's life, he found a happy home on the quiet heaths of Parma. He lived about half a league from the village of Correggio, in a sort of hermitage grotesquely constructed from the ruins of an old Roman camp. Our hermit was widely known and loved, for he united the skill of a physician with the charity of an apostle.

Late one night, in the summer of 1534, Brother Thaddeus heard a loud knocking at his door. In the ringing voice that once cheered his Slavonian troops on to victory, he cried, "Who is there?"

But when a trembling, childish voice replied, "The son of Antonio Allegri," the hermit hastily rose and opened the door. The child was out of breath, his eyes were full of tears, and those he had shed in his rapid walk had been dried on his cheeks by the midnight wind.

"My father is very sick," sobbed the boy, "and mother begs you to come quickly."

The hermit seized his staff.

"Come, my child! We will throw weariness and sleep to the briars of the road."

As they hurried along, the hermit asked Ludovic the cause of his father's illness.

"Ah! Brother," said the child, in a strange tone for a boy of thirteen years, "my father's disease springs from an ancient trouble—from misery."

Thaddeus looked at the child in surprise.

"Yes," persisted Ludovic, "misery has killed him. You know my father's toil cannot satisfy his hard-hearted creditors. Eight days ago our landlord, that wealthy Jew of Parma, for four crowns father owed him, took away the painting of 'Christ in the Garden of Olives.' Father had worked diligently on it for six months. The same day the collector of the village made him paint portraits of himself and his wife for nothing, pretending we had not paid our taxes."

"Alas!" exclaimed the hermit, "is there no sympathy in this world for genius?"

"Some days after this," continued Ludovic, "the baker refused to trust my mother, and Bonoletta, the milkmaid, would not leave the pint of milk for my two little sisters. Mother wept passionate tears of shame and despair, and the children wept because they were hungry. Then father said, 'If you weep, you will dishearten me, and I cannot work. The Franciscan convent owes me money, and to-morrow I will go to Parma. In the mean time, here are some crumbs of bread I have saved. Share them, and be patient till to-morrow evening.' And he took a piece of bread from the drawer of his easel. He had eaten nothing himself for two days."

"Why did not Antonio come to me?" interrupted Thaddeus.

"My father's heart is larger than his fortune, and he would blush to beg a glass of water from his best friend."

"O Antonio, Antonio!" cried the hermit, deeply moved. "But finish your sad story, Ludovic."

"Father started for Parma before dawn the next morning. He hastened to the monks and induced them to pay him; but either from malice, or because the reverend fathers had no other coin in their coffers, they paid the two hundred crowns in copper. My father returned to Correggio on foot, under a burning sun, with this enormous burden. When he reached home, he had hardly strength to say, 'We are saved!' Dropping his heavy load, he drank two large goblets of cold water to quench the thirst that devoured him. An hour after he was seized with a raging fever. A terrible crisis has come to-night, and mother sent me for you. Perhaps it is too late," added the boy, "for death comes swiftly." And reverently making the sign of the cross, he led the recluse to the chamber of the invalid.

The noble peasant, the illustrious author of so many grand works, was extended upon a miserable pallet covered with a strip of green serge. His wife and eldest son stood at the head of the bed and made with their entwined hands a pillow for the painter, for breathing was already painful. Julia, the eldest daughter, who was celebrated at Parma for her great beauty, leaned against the bed-post, her hands crossed upon her breast; her eyes were fixed on a Christ which hung from the wall, and she seemed to pray fervently. The little girls, Agnes and Veronica, slept peacefully in each other's arms on a bundle of straw in a corner of the room. The violence of the disease had distorted the features of the artist, and his fine face bore the marks of both physical and mental suffering. He was frightfully thin, and flames seemed to dart from his sunken eyes.

"Thaddeus," said the painter in a faint voice, "am I in danger of death?"

Thaddeus made no reply. The painter repeated his question, but was again met with silence.

"Then there is no longer any hope," he sadly cried; "and my poor children!"

"God may work a miracle," said the hermit, "but science can do naught."

"He will not save me," replied Antonio. "Does he help the feeble? The day I came from Parma I saw an innocent dove balancing itself on the branch of a sycamore; a serpent was coiled about the trunk. Lightning struck the tree and the dove was killed; but the reptile, unharmed, fled hissing away."

"Dear Antonio, let us not seek to understand the mysteries of God. My friend, think of your soul; recall your past life, and—"

"My past life!" interrupted the dying man. "Toil and misery have been my constant companions. I have borne humiliation and injustice without murmuring, and have never resented the insults heaped upon me. I have educated my children in the fear

of God. Why, then, do you wish me to review my past life, and why should I fear the judgment of him who has meted out my sufferings?"

The recluse kissed the hand of the painter. "Simple man! Sublime genius!" he cried. "Yes, you are right. The purity of your life, your active charity, will be your best advocates before the tribunal of God."

Antonio now felt that life ebbed fast. "My wife, my dear children," he said, "I must leave you. O do not weep! I could have wished to make you happier, but the perseverance of misfortune overcame the perseverance of my brush. Ottavia and Ludovic, never abandon your mother and little sisters who sleep there under God's protection and yours."

At this moment little Agnes awoke with a start, and struck by the mournful scene before her eyes, the tears of her brothers and sisters, she knelt in her crib, folded her hands, and murmured a prayer. The grace of the child, the perfect oval of her figure, framed by the luxuriant ringlets of her golden hair, the sweetness of her face which seemed to seek in the heavens an unknown star, awoke the instincts of the artist.

"Give me my brushes, my palette!" he cried.

"Give them to him," said Thaddeus. "The artist as well as the warrior longs to die on the battlefield."

They raised the sick man and made a kind of easel on his bed. The great master took his brushes, mixed his colors, and with a hand already cold with death, reproduced upon the canvas, with that correctness of design, that harmony of coloring which distinguished his artistic genius, the features of the delicate child whom he made an angel before leaving an orphan. The work ended, the painter said, "I signed my first pictures 'Antonio Allegri,' which was my father's name. Later ones I have 'Lieti,' my mother's name. How shall I sign this?"

"With your immortal name," said the recluse; "the name of Correggio."

Antonio then slowly wrote these words at the bottom of the canvas: "*Correggio in limine mortis pinxit, 17 August, 1534.*"

Then, completely exhausted, he fell back, turned his head toward the Christ, extended his arms to his children, and breathed his last. But the soul of the artist, before leaving its earthly abode, was revealed in the admirable sketch he had just traced. The "Last Angel of Correggio" was his farewell to earth, and one of his most brilliant titles to glory in the eyes of posterity.

The villagers of Correggio and Parma crowded to the funeral of the great artist that Italy had lost. Thus the man whose life had been crushed by adversity was called great and divine when the coffin closed over his body.

The noblemen of all the countries of Italy sent Jewish courtiers to Correggio to purchase the works of the illustrious painter. Advised by these secret agents and influenced by her poverty, his widow consented to make a public sale of those rich waifs of genius. When the other paintings had been disposed of, the last work of the master was put up at auction, his "Last Angel." This masterpiece was about to be struck off at the moderate sum of thirty-three ducats, when a man dressed as captain of the Slavonian troops boldly advanced, and proudly placed his buff gauntlet upon the picture.

"In the name of Francis I.," said he in a loud voice, "I offer twenty thousand crowns for this picture." No one dared outbid the King of France. When the Venetian captain took possession of the picture in the name of Francis, the widow and children of Correggio recognized the recluse of the Roman camp.

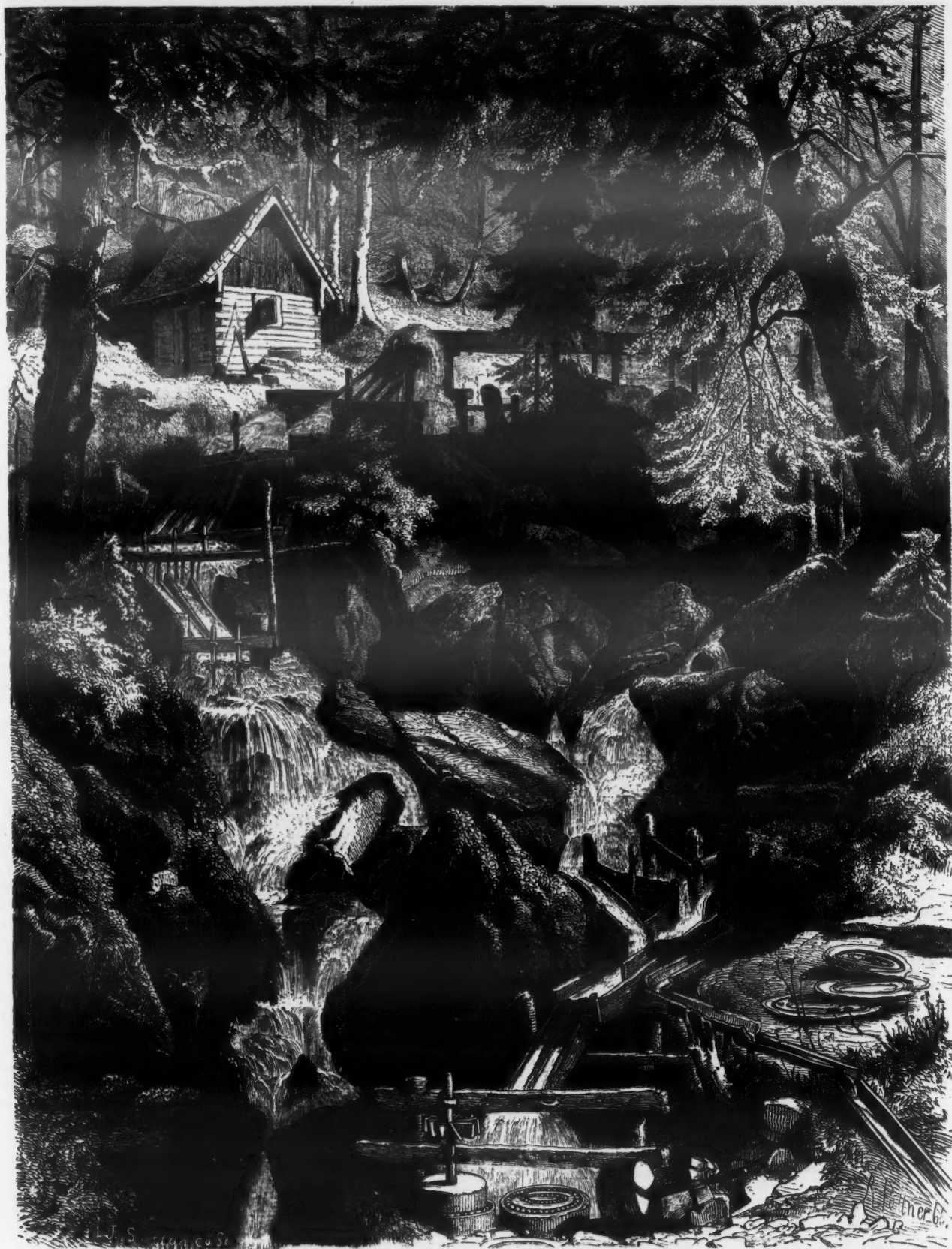
"You save us, captain," they cried.

"Not I; the King of France is your preserver. My only merit is having pointed out to that magnanimous prince a great talent dead, and great misfortune existing."

"And where do you go?" asked Julia.

"I return," said Thaddeus, "to the Roman camp, to lay aside my uniform and resume my hermit's robe, not again to leave it till I rejoin my well-loved Correggio."

Little is known of Correggio's life; but though the art of painting was little esteemed and poorly rewarded at Parma, the accounts of his extreme sufferings from poverty are now disbelieved. The story of the copper coin and the fatal journey furnished Cehlenschläger, the Danish poet, with the theme of one of his finest dramas. —Mary P. Thacher.



MARBLE MILLS ON THE UNTERSBERG.—R. PÜTTNER.

ROMANTIC INDUSTRIES OF THE ALPS.

THE peasants of Germany, especially those dwelling in the mountain regions of Bavaria, have long cherished the dream of a united country, owning allegiance to one powerful chief, or emperor. Gathering the usual inspiration from the presence of their rugged and snow-capped mountains, they have given expression to these sentiments in songs and fireside stories. Through these they spoke the most intense desires of their hearts, expressing the emotions of love, suffering and hope. They hardly expected to see this unity accomplished by a man from the north of Germany, but loved to relate that Frederick I., surnamed Barbarossa, who took the magnificence of his kingdom with him to the grave, would appear again at the right time and fulfill the dream of their hopes. This was to occur when the beard of Barbarossa had grown long enough to encircle a table at which he sits, three times. The peasants of Bohemia have similar traditions, for they assert in song and legend, that the Emperor Joseph

is not dead, but will come again to make his people happy. His great heart is always represented as bleeding over the misfortunes of his kingdom. Thus the people who dwell about the Untersberg mountain are a simple, honest folk, given to agriculture, and a pastoral life which is favorable to thoughts of liberty, and yearnings for the glory and power of departed days.

Modern improvements, commercial enterprise, and the various industries, have done more to unite the minor states of Germany with Prussia, than all the influence exerted by the traditions of dead kings. When the canal, the railway, the telegraph, and the steamboat penetrate a country, waking from their dreams the simple and drowsy inhabitants, that land is joined by bands which cannot be broken, to the great, busy, rushing world, and becomes a part of it. All this has happened to Bavaria, Bohemia, and the hilly country around Untersberg, and the busy hum of manufactures can be heard in this picturesque land. The tourist who leaves Salzburg by the New Gate, and travels toward Untersberg, may inspect

great salt mines, or visit leather, iron and starch works. The manufacture of pins and playing marbles is also carried on, both operations curious in and of themselves. It is this last-named industry which forms the subject of the picturesque illustration, where the water comes dashing down the side of the mountain through different channels.

To an American traveling in Germany and Austria, hardly any thing in the nature of a manufacture can be of more interest than the simple process of making marbles for the boys and girls of the world, as it is carried on beneath the shade of the dome-spreading trees, on the sides of the mountains. Approaching Untersberg, one hears the music of the woods, the whispering of leaves, the rushing of water, and the grinding and clatter of innumerable little marble mills, which appear to be the work of fairies, since no miller is to be seen, and they work away in a very industrious manner. Perhaps one small stream will run fifty marble mills, which consist simply of an under and stationary stone, containing circular ruts, into which the bits of red, green, yellow, blue and



THE FISHWIFE OF MARKEN.—R. JORDANS.

white marble are put, to be ground down, or worn by attrition, into perfect globes of the required size. The upper stone, which is turned by the water, does the grinding, at first with considerable noise, which gradually lessens as the marbles become smooth and round. All the miller has to do when he leaves his little house on the hill-side, is to feed the mills with fragments of marble, and empty those which have performed their labor. The peculiar noise made by the upper stone when the marbles have been ground down to a level with the groove in which they are placed, indicates that the grist is ready for the miller.

"THE ISLAND OF WIDOWS."

A GENTLEMAN, visiting Amsterdam a few years ago, had his attention attracted by a few of the peculiar and sturdy-looking fishermen from the island of Marken, who were offering the fruit of the sea for sale in the public markets. Although Marken, in the Zuyder-Zee, is but ten miles northeast of Amster-

dam, he discovered that its inhabitants were only known by name in that metropolis; so he resolved to leave the usual highways of travel, and visit the fishermen at their home. Rather than cross the angry Zuyder-Zee, he traveled by ship-canal to the little city of Monnikendam, eight miles distant, passing through that peculiar and delightful scenery characteristic of the paintings of such Dutch artists as the brothers Ruysdael, Bercham, Hobbema, and Potter. The ship, sailing along the elevated canal, between banks lined with willow trees, seemed to the observer on the distant fields below, as if it moved on wheels. Soon the tall tower of the Reformed Church at Monnikendam could be seen, and shortly thereafter a boat was taken for Marken, distant three-quarters of an hour from the mainland. The island is a barren spot, covered with unprofitable sea-grass, but it contains something like a thousand inhabitants, who live entirely by fishing. There is a light-house, a modest church, and a school-house, as well as a cluster of one-story, straw-thatched brick houses, which crowd the top of the summit of the island.

The domestic animals belonging to the fishermen live with them beneath the same roof. The interiors of these humble dwellings are kept remarkably clean. The floors are frequently composed of a mosaic of many-colored stones, highly polished, while the walls are adorned with bright copper cooking utensils, many illustrations of which are to be seen in old Dutch paintings. The furniture of these cottages is old style, massive, and elaborately carved, having been in the possession of the same families for many generations. As might be expected from their long and constant battling with the elements, the inhabitants of Marken are a hard, rough, stern people; they live by the gift of the water, and the sea to them is a second home. Many a man who leaves his wife and home in the morning, lies dead in the cool ground of the Zuyder-Zee before night. There are so many widows on this island, it is sometimes called "The Island of Widows." The illustration shows us the interior of a Marken widow's home, where she spends her time with her cats. It is one of a series of paintings by Professor Rudolph Jordans, of Dusseldorf.



IN THE CLOISTER CELLAR.—EDWARD GRÜTZNER.

IN THE CLOISTER CELLAR.

If the old monks have not been greatly maligned by those who have written about them, they were not at all averse to the pleasures of eating and drinking—especially drinking. The story-tellers of their own time made merry at their expense, and the balladists served them up in irreverent rhymes. We know what that roistering churchman, Walter de Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, thought of his order, in his merry moments; for his "Jovial Priest's Confession" remains to us, in monkish Latin. It is well rendered by Leigh Hunt, who enters heartily into the fun of the thing, and after reading his verse, we can imagine the gusto with which the witty archdeacon roared out the concluding stanzas:

"Just as liquor floweth good—floweth forth my lay so;
But I must moreover eat—or I could not say so;
Naught it availeth inwardly—should I write all day so;
But with God's grace after meat—I beat Ovidius Naso.

"Neither is there given to me—prophetic animation,
Unless when I have eat and drank—yea, even to saturation;
Then in my upper story hath Bacchus domination,
And Phoebus rusheth into me, and beggareth all relation."

Another churchman, Bishop Still, gives us the popular estimation in which the monks were held—if the famous drinking song, in praise of ale, in "Gammer Gurton's Needle," be his—of which there is some doubt:

"I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think, that I can drink
With him that wears a hood."

If the poets treated them hardly, they fared still worse at the hands of the story-tellers, and those writers of acted stories—the dramatists. There was something in human nature which impelled it to chaff the monkish nature, even though the spiritual side of human nature was under the dominion of the monkish nature. A monk, or priest, in the confessional was one person: in the refectory and the clois-

ter cellar he was another, and very different person. He was a heavy feeder, it was believed, and a most inveterate guzzler. How could it well be otherwise—the lay mind reasoned. What had the monks to do, after they had droned through their *aves* and *paternosters*, but to eat, and drink, and make merry? Fasts and penances? It was fasting, certes, which gave them such round paunches and rosy jowls, and it was penance which painted their bulbous noses crimson. What became of the bees, then, the fat capons, and the good Rhenish wine in their cellars? They were distributed among the poor—eh? Who can remember to have tasted a drop, or to have picked a bone? Bah! This, or something like it, was the popular opinion with regard to the monks. Was it just? If we had lived in those monkish days we would have been in a better position to answer than we are now; as it is, we should say there, perhaps, was a time when it was just, as there was certainly a time when it was not. We are apt to forget what the world owed to the monks in the Dark Ages. They were the only repositories of learning in Europe, and but for them the great mass of what we now call the Classics would have been irretrievably lost to us. It was surely something to have preserved Horace, and Virgil, and Livy, even if a few books of the latter have disappeared. They multiplied copies of such writings as they possessed, and if these sometimes happened to be writings in which the world was soon to lose interest, they could not be expected to know that. They worked according to their light, and what work they produced the beautiful missals that they illuminated remain to testify. There was, of course, another side than the scholarly one to the monkish nature, and this has been perpetuated by romancers, and dramatists, and painters. The small esteem in which monks came to be held is seen in the "Decameron," and the "Heptameron," and in the dramas of a later period. They were either lazy mendicants, whom it was safe to cudgel, if one was so inclined, or they were gluttons and amorous

knaves. The painters took their turn at them, and that it is not over yet is evident from our illustration, "In the Cloister Cellar," which was drawn on wood by the German artist Edward Grützner, from his picture of that name. It suggests the comical side of cloister life, and it recalls a German student song, which, freely rendered, runs as follows:

BROTHER JEROME.

"Where is Brother Jerome—Jerome?"
The burly abbot said,
"He wasn't at vespers, vespers,
Can he have gone to bed?"

To the cell of Brother Jerome—Jerome,
The abbot did then repair;
But his crucifix, crucifix,
Was all that he saw there!

"Where is Brother Jerome—Jerome?"
The abbot asked once more;
The sacristan pointed, pointed,
To the open cellar door!

They lighted a candle, candle,
And tottered down the stairs;
The abbot muttered, muttered,
But not exactly prayers!

"Ho! Brother Jerome—Jerome!"
The sacristan did call:—
The echoes answered, answered—
Brother Jerome not at all!

Why he wasn't at vespers, vespers,
There was no need to ask;
He was sleeping and snoring, snoring,
Beside the abbot's cask!

He had emptied his tankard, tankard,
And against the wall had sunk:
The truth was Burschen, Burschen,
That Brother Jerome was drunk!

What to do with Brother Jerome—Jerome?
It popped in the abbot's head,
"Go thou and do likewise, likewise—"
They carried the abbot to bed.

— R. H. Stoddard.



GETTING AROUND HIM.—F. WIDMANN.

THE FOREST PATH.

ONE of those amusing and picturesque incidents of every-day life has been so faithfully represented in the picture of "Getting Around Him," that the pen has little left to add to the pencil of the artist. A foot-traveler, weary with his long journey, has entered an inviting forest path at a point where it happens to be quite narrow, winding and cutting its way, as it does, between two banks of earth, from the top of which spring graceful and shadow-casting trees. Weary with the heat of midday, he takes off his coat, and spreads it upon the grassy bank, while he throws his pack upon the ground, in order to obtain a little rest. After imbibing a draught of some refreshing liquid, he places the empty flask upon the ground, and reclines beneath a friendly bough, which reaches down in tenderness from the bank above to shelter him from the sun.

"Deep in the linden's foliage hid,
Complains the peevish katydid.
Birds are in woodland bowers;
Voices in lonely dells:
Streams to the listening hours
Talk in earth's sweet cells."

The harmonious and continuous voices of nature bring a soothing influence to the traveler, who soon feels the presence of the "sweet restorer," balmy sleep, and unconsciously drops off into a deep slumber. Who can tell if he may not be dreaming with the poet:

"Wend, love, with me, to the deep woods, wend,
Where far in the forest the wild flowers keep,
Where no watching eye shall over us bend,
Save the blossoms that into thy bower may peep."

A mother and daughter, residents, doubtless, of the distant house, having been allured from their indoor occupations by the manifold charms of the day, have put on their straw hats, and started for a ramble through the woods, never expecting to find the pathway blocked up by a sleeping man. Having almost stumbled over his outstretched limbs, the problem which presents itself for solution is how to proceed with their walk without arousing the stranger from his dreams. In a half-frightened, half-pitying man-

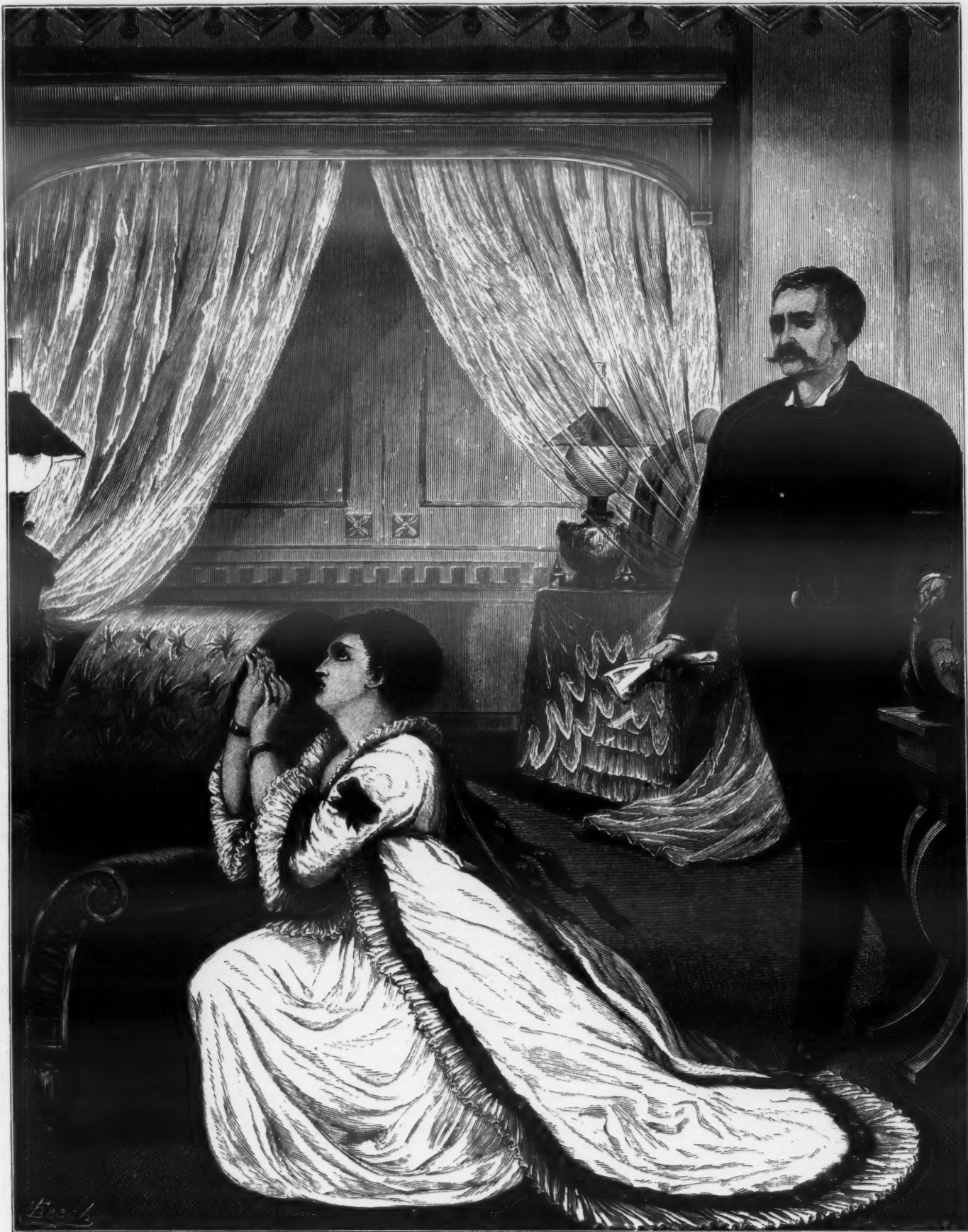
ner, the daughter gathers her skirts closely about her, and edges by the traveler's feet, coming in close contact with the bank, while the mother proposes to follow her example, with less grace, however, since the slight curl of her lip indicates her scorn of the stranger, and her displeasure at finding him stretched across the path.

THE PRESS AT PRESENT.

A CHANGE has come over the "fourth estate," of which it seems not aware. It has come to judgment in every cultured person's mind—not to condemnation, but to just such a criticism as values what is in print for what it is worth, and no more. Time was when illusion was a valuable auxiliary of the press. The impersonality was less then than now—Raymond, Greeley, Ritchie, Bennett, Webb, Brooks, Prentice, and Rhett being their papers in every responsible and popular sense; but the fiction of power with which they were invested expanded to much larger proportions than it has in the case of their less public successors. *Tribune*, *World*, *Times*, *Express*, *Courier-Journal*, now present the labors of cultivated colleges of gentlemen, the intense characteristics of no single one. But if newspapers have thus converted themselves into institutions, so have readers converted themselves into censors. No peculiar force is attached to an utterance because fathered by the editorial "we." Types add to opinion no sanctity it did not have before. They even fail to authenticate statements, which, to win confidence, must either reflect intrinsic truthfulness or be confirmed by collateral circumstances. Has the press, then, lost? It has lost in pretenses. It has gained in power. The cushions of assumption have been drawn from under it. It rests on a basis of ethics. Now, to assist truth, it must be true. Dissembling will not do. To receive fairness, it must be fair. Affectation of equity will not serve. We think nothing has gone out of journalism which was good. Personality has gone out: that was a vanity. Swaggering conceit has gone out: that was a sham. Sweetness has come in; impersonality has come in; enterprise has come in; a consciousness of the watchful scrutiny of read-

ers has come in. That has put newspapers on their manners and conscience, of which the observance is good behavior. The power to varnish lies, gratify antipathies, disseminate misrepresentation, exploit vanities and prejudices, perpetuate error, and vary the roles of "Sairey Gamp" and "Bombastes Furioso" is less. The power to aid the right, to harmonize discussion with chivalry, and self-respect with public writing, is more. The too few journals which have discovered this new mood of the public have wisely taken the public into their confidence—have gone into partnership with the people. Readers and editors have in each case made a fortune—the first in stores of information; the second in stores of culture, fairness, and self-development.

Of course the reform is far from complete, even in the cases of the few but principal papers which have begun it. "No man becomes suddenly base." So no journal becomes suddenly perfect. Enoch-like, it would have to attain a celestial circulation to do so. There are yet blurs on the escutcheon of the brightest sheets. Smartness is not seldom preferred to justice. A violation of the amenities of life is too often held to justify enterprise. Underestimation of the motives and power of contemporaries seems an ineradicable policy. That moderation essential to force and credence in the spoken word is sacrificed at times to a false emphasis in the printed word. Worse than all, editors delude themselves with the nonsense that when they are punishing an enemy they are pleasing the public. These are faults common to partisan and independent journals alike. The former are necessarily confined within their self-adopted limitations; yet the latter have far from attained their ideal. They often confound independence with the impossible task of pleasing both sides. They fine down fairness into a delicate indisposition even to hurt the feelings of rascals. We content ourselves with indicating the virtues and defects of contemporary journalism, rather than dwelling upon them in detail, in order to speak with less generosity upon the inspection under which papers pass in the minds of their patrons. That inspection is more graphic in these States than anywhere else. Our people have intelligence in larger, and reverence in



SCENE FROM "LED ASTRAY."—T. BEECH.

smaller average than any other. They bring to book every issue of every paper which they deliberately read. If there is a false quantity in its tone, they note it. If there is a malevolent spirit in its references, they apply to that spirit the same pity or contempt which they would, were it manifested by a neighbor. If there is an overstatement, or understatement, or perversion of fact in a paper, the habit of reading it may not be interrupted for a long time; but the habit of believing it will be affected the moment the fault is seen. Editors can by no cunning so coquette with truth as really to gratify the baser qualities of their nature without forfeiting the attachment of readers as competent in analysis as their "instructors" are in adroitness. The very performance of journalists is by a paradox the act of profession: profession to tell the truth—as reporters to tell the truth about events; as reviewers to tell the

truth about opinion. In no country is profession so hazardous as in this, where it has come to a discount in all quarters. Readers scan the perfunctory professional work of editors most narrowly. If politicians are the best-abused men in the land, journalists are the best watched: not in their private lives, but in that yet more sacred part of them, their relations to truth itself. They live their inner life before the eyes of thousands of readers.

The keener scrutiny to which papers are exposed does not conflict with the fact of their greater prosperity. Time was when men assorted their reading, perusing only that with which they agreed. Now it is indispensable to read both sides of all questions. Besides, as men never did so many things before, so never before were they so anxious to read about them. Activity and curiosity have kept neck-and-neck. The resources which bring the news of the

world to the breakfast-table have themselves created an appetite round that table to devour all the news brought there. Hence to every family of ordinary means two general newspapers on different sides are a simple necessity—irrespective of monthlies and hebdomadals. But as men eat better, so they read better than they used to do. Facts and food used to be bolted. Both are carved and inwardly digested now. Editorials and *entrées* were once accepted without question. Now selections are made in both, judgment passed upon both. Hence, while mankind lets journals do its reporting and top-dressing of events for it, it no longer allows them to do its thinking for them. It edits its editors, reviews its reviewers, and criticises its critics. The habit may be wrong. The fact cannot be denied, and it behooves a profession of which facts are the provender thoroughly to assimilate this one. —B. J. Taylor.

MUSIC.

CHURCH MUSIC AND CHOIRS.

As May approaches, when in most cities where paid choirs are employed, changes are made, the pious mind is somewhat agitated as to the arrangements for the ensuing year. It seems quite appropriate, therefore, that we should review the situation and express ourselves as to the best methods of conducting the musical services of churches, more especially in those of the Protestant persuasion. When our forefathers protested and revolted against the overwhelming preponderance of forms and ceremonies which crushed out all the spirit of religion, they went to the other extreme, and their service was so severe as to become almost forbidding. As each new generation of worshipers has taken its place in the church, it has learned to unbend a little. Singing was a comparatively early innovation, and although it has become general, it can not be claimed that it has reached the position which it deserves.

There are a great many good people in this and other countries who look upon the singing as merely a sort of interlude—a breathing spell—wherein the congregation have a chance to stand up, stretch their legs, yawn a little, turn around with their backs to the minister, and study the pose, back-hair, and bonnets of their friends and neighbors. Hundreds of ministers, even, regard it as a necessary evil, perhaps, which is to be made as short as possible by the omission of verses, which often cuts the very heart out of the most beautiful and inspiring hymns. The comparatively slight interest taken by the average Christian in making the singing a prominent feature in the devotional exercises of the sanctuary is little short of a sin. Indeed, so universal is this, that it has become proverbial that church music committees (usually the last to be chosen at the annual elections) are selected because of their ignorance of music and lack of taste for sounds harmonious.

Now, what we need in this country is an improved and growing taste for congregational music—a general up-building of public sentiment in favor of the people doing their own singing and not delegating it to a quartet of "cherubs" perched up aloft. It need not be inferred from this that we are opposed to choirs or to paid singers. On the contrary, we esteem these as most important and in some cases indispensable aids to good congregational music; and over twenty years' experience in choirs gives us the right to speak authoritatively in such matters. Every clergyman who desires to have all his people join in the music understands the difficulty of interesting them in the preliminary steps to acquire a ready facility and confidence in their own efforts. Indeed, some congregations, half-dead-and-alive in every thing (a company of semi-animated fossils, who imagine true piety to be a negative existence of do-nothingness), can not be induced to make any effort in the direction of congregational singing or any thing else that requires a little energy. We have such an one in mind, not a thousand miles from Brooklyn, where the organist, an excellent quartet choir, and the minister are expected to wind themselves up, do all the work for the congregation, and run down promptly at 12, not a minute sooner or later, lest the roast beef of these fossil Christians shall not be done to a turn. They don't sing in church, and they scarcely do more than whine in their melancholy prayer-meetings. The entrance to Greenwood is a far more exhilarating structure than this sombre church, for by the former there is something going on, even though it be to the sepulchre.

It is impossible to speak of congregational music without referring at some length to Plymouth Church (Mr. Beecher's) as well as to the Tabernacle (Dr. Talmage's), which is likewise securing a good reputation for its musical service. Plymouth Church did not attain its success in singing without a regular, painstaking effort. The members met in the lecture room, week after week, for exercise in singing alone, and were thoroughly drilled. The church had already adopted a hymn and tune book, discarding almost entirely the old-fashioned, tuneless books, of which too many remain in other churches. The nucleus of members, assisted by the large volunteer choir, and by John Zundel, a thorough organist, and as great an enthusiast for congregational music as Mr. Beecher himself, carried the vast concourse of pew-holders and strangers right along; so that all sang, whether they ever sang before or not. Later experience suggested the employment of a salaried director (and basso) and a leading soprano, alto, and tenor. The volunteer choir numbers seventy-five, and is probably the best-drilled and most effective church chorus in America. While they contribute much by their admirably rendered opening pieces, their best work is, in conjunction with Mr. Zundel, in leading the vast congregation of nearly three thousand, which morning and evening throng the church. Few persons ever attend that service without being converted to a love for congregational music. It is a most marked feature of the service; it is never cut or passed over lightly. It is full of hope, joy, and inspiration, and almost as effective, sometimes, as the marvelous eloquence of the great preacher himself.

The Tabernacle has adopted the plan of an organist and precentor, the organ being immediately behind the pulpit platform, from which latter the precentor gives the time to the congregation. This works well, and in cases where a good chorus is not available, is preferable to choir or quartet singing only. It is thoroughly devotional, but even a casual attendant at these two churches will not hesitate in his preference for the more inspiring music of which the finely drilled chorus of Plymouth Church forms the nucleus.

The requisites of good congregational music are, first, a minister who has a proper appreciation of its value in promoting a devotional spirit; next, a congregation not afraid of their own voices, and willing to devote a little time to practice; a chorus choir, assisted by skilled singers; an organist who cares more for the church than for his own glorification; and a good hymn and tune book, of which there shall be plenty in the pews and lecture room,

and a goodly supply at home for family singing. Besides this, let the Sunday school be made the training ground of the church in music as well as in piety. It is a shame that any child, unless entirely devoid of time and tune, should grow up without a perfect familiarity with all the common tunes of our numerous collections. When the children all sing, they will carry their notions and practice into the church, and we are confident that congregational music will become universal, at least in all churches where the main dependence is not upon ritualistic forms and ceremonies. We can not all preach, nor is it altogether convenient in some churches that the congregation shall pray in unison with the minister; but we can all sing,—a prerogative which we trust every freeman will assert and enjoy.

THEODORE THOMAS.

Theodore Thomas, the most prominent orchestral director in America, was born in the kingdom of Hanover, in 1835. His father was a violinist, and from him the talented son received such instruction, that at the early age of six years he played with success in public. When ten years of age, the family arrived in New York, and for two years succeeding, young Thomas appeared at various concerts, and during a few years after made a tour of the States. Returning to New York, he held the position of first violin during the engagements of Sontag, Jenny Lind, Grisi, Mario, and other noted artists, and was subsequently made conductor of both the Italian and German operas. He next appears in concert companies, such as Laborde's, Piccolomini's and Thalberg's, whose brilliant successes in our principal cities are well remembered.

Preferring orchestral to vocal music, and perceiving in the former a wider field for the cultivation and improvement of the public taste, he abandoned the opera and devoted his energies almost exclusively to instrumental music. Then arose those matchless



THEODORE THOMAS.—FROM PHOTO. BY WARREN.

Quartet Soirées in conjunction with Wm. Mason, Carl Bergmann, F. Bergner, Joseph Mosenthal, and others, which were attended by the most devoted music lovers of New York. They received, however, but feeble assistance from the general concert attendant, which latter was attracted to the Philharmonic, not by a love for music, but because it was fashionable. Mr. Thomas's long connection with the New York Philharmonic, of which he was a leading member, convinced him that there was a sufficient demand for more frequent entertainments of this high character to warrant the attempt, and he therefore established the famous Symphony Concerts, which, for nine years past, have far surpassed the Philharmonic Concerts in musical excellence, and have at last secured the hearty patronage of the people. To produce a continuous succession of new and admirable works, it was found indispensable to keep the orchestra constantly together. To hold them in the winter months was comparatively easy, but the summer season scattered them. To secure the orchestra intact, the Summer-Night Garden Concerts were instituted, and although at first viewed with suspicion by the *élite* and church members, have been for several years the most popular resort for the best people of New York, as well as of the City of Churches. The variety and excellence of the programmes here rendered attest the knowledge, genius and industry of this celebrated leader.

Although for nearly three years conductor of the Brooklyn Philharmonic, for lack of a properly constituted orchestra, it was not until the past season that he could fully carry out in that Society his exalted ideas of true philharmonic music. Through him, the Society has been enabled to present the most brilliant series of concerts since its organization, some seventeen years ago.

We have attempted to give but a brief outline of Mr. Thomas's career. In his visits to the principal cities of the Union, with his unrivaled orchestra, he has created an impression most favorable to the advancement of musical art. To his audiences, his orchestra seems to have attained perfection in training. But Mr. Thomas regards his work as scarcely more than inaugurated, and we do not doubt, that if sustained by the public, he will yet conduct an orchestra equal in numbers and excellence to any in the Old World.

DRAMA.

"LED ASTRAY."

THE most successful emotional comedy of the recent theatrical season in New York was a play called "Led Astray," adapted from the French of Octave Feuillet, for the American stage, by Dion Boucicault, the popular actor and playwright. Various reasons may be given for the great success which has attended the presentation of this work, a play which proved fresh sources of attraction for over one hundred nights at the Union Square Theatre. The dialogue was sparkling and to the point, always being connected with the passing event. The plot developed, as the play proceeded, in an easy and natural manner, and was nowhere overstrained, or improbable. It proved to be simply a narrative of occurrences in the domestic life of a French family. An interesting social question, concerning the relations of husband and wife to each other, and to third persons, was treated with that delicacy and grace peculiar to the French, never for a moment approaching the dangerous edge of impropriety. The situations were dramatic, and the action was often intense, while the stage-setting was rich, refined, beautiful, and artistic. It may now be accepted as axiomatic that stage settings in New York will be of the highest order. The cast of "Led Astray" was particularly satisfactory, each actor seeming to be especially fitted by nature and education to assume the rôle undertaken. While there was, in no one particular, any thing very remarkable about "Led Astray," the whole play was so good, evenly balanced, and true to life, being at the same time easy of comprehension by the average patron of the theatre, that it preserved the "golden medium," so often vainly sought after, and so sure to compel success when found.

The story of "Led Astray" can be briefly told. Count Rudolph Chandoce, after leading a gay life in Paris, marries a second wife and retires to his *château* in Normandy, where he appears to be fonder of his horses, dogs, and boon companions, than he is of his new and beautiful wife. The countess feels that her husband does not bestow upon her that wealth of affection which she craves, and while longing for it she forms a sentimental attachment for a poet, whose books she has read. The poet discovers that the Countess Chandoce is fond of his works, and as he is a restless, roving fellow, ready to fall in love with the first beauty he meets, he determines to win her heart. To this end, he dedicates to her such passages as the following:

"I have another life I long to meet,
Without which life my life is incomplete,
Oh, sweeter self! like me art thou astray?
Trying with all thy heart to find the way
To mine? Straying like mine to find the breast
On which alone can weary heart find rest."

He seeks interviews, and presses his suit, but is always repulsed in a firm and lady-like manner. Meanwhile the count goes from bad to worse, and actually introduces to his wife a Miss O'Hara, with whom he is in love, and to whom he shows marked attention, nearly driving his devoted wife to despair. Coming suddenly, one day, upon his wife and the poet, at a moment when the poet is protesting his love, the count grows enraged, and challenges him to mortal combat. The duel is fought, the count receiving a slight wound, while he permits his antagonist to live. After announcing to his wife the maxim, that "what is folly in a man, is a crime in a woman," the count separates from her, living beneath the same roof, however, for appearance sake, but as a stranger. He continues thus to live until his daughter by his first wife is betrothed, upon which interesting occasion he becomes convinced of his wife's goodness and purity, and a reconciliation takes place. The author of the play has drawn with consummate skill,

the jolly, hypocritical, easy-go-moral husband, who fancies it is perfectly proper for him to do as he wishes, but is unwilling to grant the same privilege to his wife. This character is admirably rendered by Charles R. Thorne, Jr., who assumes the rôle of Count Rudolph Chandoce. Miss Rose Eytinge takes the character of the Countess, and by her quiet dignity, refined and lady-like manner, as well as her spirited and intense acting, succeeds in investing it with a realism which is startling. She proves to be an excellent foil to her husband, and the admiration of the audience is divided between the two. The ending of the play is all that could be wished, since the husband virtually confesses his wrong, and the wife forgets her sentimentalism. Numerous other characters are introduced into this drama, which increase its attractions, but do not affect the main purpose of the play. The scene which we illustrate is one of the most touching and dramatic in the whole play—the moment the injured husband enters his wife's apartment, the night of the quarrel with the poet, which led to the challenge. The count finds his wife on her knees, in tears, weeping over the results of the ball the evening before. He tells her the position is a becoming one, and she reminds him that it is her nightly habit. He then announces his determination to separate from her, and reads his will, wherein he has made provision for his daughter. The wife's love for her husband is very strong, but under the sense of injustice done to her, she stifles all expression of feeling until he coolly takes his leave, when a terrible burst of agony closes the scene.

Some very clever acting has recently been seen at Booth's Theatre—the most elegant temple of the drama in New York. Mrs. J. B. Booth, in such characters as *The Woman of Fire*, and Bulwer's popular *Lady of Lyons*, won fresh laurels by the intelligence and earnestness with which she portrayed these leading parts. After a long absence from the city, Madame Janascheck reappeared on the 23d of February, at Booth's, in the double rôle of *Lady Dedlock* and *Hortense*, in the play of "Chesney Wold," from Dickens' "Bleak House." This play was admirably rendered, and was followed by the powerful drama of "Deborah," the play in which Madame Janascheck won her first success in America.

LITERATURE.

EVER since the days of Cooper, Irving, and Hawthorne, there has been a constant demand, on the part of certain writers for the press, for "the great American novel," notwithstanding Mrs. Stowe, Dr. Holland, and Gen. Wallace have done their best in that line. Something which shall be superlatively good, standing head and shoulders above all other New World romances, must be forthcoming before American pride will be satisfied. Meanwhile, of fresh novels there is no lack; several hundred a year, at least, claiming the attention of the critic. Like the new plays constantly brought out in Paris, a vast amount of trash is given to the public; a thorough sifting reveals the fact that the meshes catch but two or three in the course of a twelvemonth which are regarded by managers as worth reproducing on this side of the Atlantic. In the absence of novels which have made a sensation, and met with a genuine success, we must content ourselves with such as we have.

The desire to write and publish is constantly on the increase in this country. We appear to wholly accept the Eastern proverb, which avers that a man has not done his duty to his God and his fellow-man until he has built a house, begotten a son, or written a book. Unfortunately for us, society is now in such an abnormal condition, it is much easier to fulfill the last condition than either of the two preceding. So book-making, like shop-keeping, has become a regular business, in which men engage for the purpose of earning money, gaining fame, and easing their consciences. If we had more of culture, and a greater love for art in this country, we should have fewer poor books. The late Lord Lytton, who was a man of wealth and high culture, at once a poet, artist, essayist, novelist, dramatist, and statesman, with opportunities for the study of society in all its phases seldom enjoyed by an American, once said: "It often happens to me to be consulted by persons about to attempt fiction, and I invariably find that they imagine they have only to sit down and write. They forget that art does not come by inspiration, and that the novelist, dealing constantly with contrast and effect, must, in the widest and deepest sense of the word, study to be an artist." This is doubtless as true of American authors as of English. Fiction writers fancy there is a royal road to success, which it is only necessary to enter in order to grasp it. Our best writers are the hardest workers. Longfellow, Whittier, Stedman, do not write one-quarter as many poems as half of the newspaper and magazine poets of the day. Their devotion to art will not allow them to dash off compositions to order. Said Lord Lytton: "I studied with no slight attention the great works of my predecessors, and attempted to derive from that study certain rules and canons to serve me as a guide; and if some of my younger contemporaries whom I could name would only condescend to take the same preliminary pains that I did, I am sure that the result would be much more brilliant." Entertaining these views, we are prepared to open some recent American books which have come under our notice.

The Bret Harte of the East is undoubtedly Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who, in his delightful book called "Marjorie Daw and Other People," published by James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, has done for the New England coast what Mr. Harte has for the Pacific slope. Such of our sensitive California readers as feel aggrieved at the "representative characters" held up to the admiration of the world by Mr. Harte, should take courage after reading "Marjorie Daw and Other People," since therein the fact is revealed that in spite of its culture, rough and odd characters may yet be met with in New England, almost beneath the shadow of Harvard University. In his story of "Miss Mehetabel's Son," Mr. Aldrich says:

"A man with a passion for *bric-à-brac* is always stumbling over antique bronzes, intaglios, mosaics, and daggers of the time of Benvenuto Cellini; the bibliophile finds creamy vellum folios and rare Alduses and Elzevirs waiting for him at unsuspected book-stalls; the numismatist has but to stretch forth his palm to have priceless coins drop into it. My own weakness is odd people, and I am constantly encountering them."

In "Marjorie Daw and Other People," the reader will find a very pleasant collection of short, pointed, and cleverly written sketches, well calculated to provoke both smiles and tears. All who read "Marjorie Daw" will laugh at poor John Flemming who went in pursuit of a phantom, while the touching death of Bladburn, "shot on picket," and his deep devotion to "little May" and her "small Latin grammar," will fill the heart with unshed tears. Mr. Aldrich's style is clear and crisp, and he is never dull. If Mr. Aldrich shall some day give us the "great American romance," we shall not be surprised.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston, brother of Edward Eggleston, of literary fame, "having long been curious to know whether or not he could write a pretty good story," has given "A Man of Honor" to the public, through the house of Orange Judd & Co., of New York. The story has the merit of being written in good, clear, concise English; of narrating incidents which are altogether within the range of probability; of describing life among a certain class of Virginians with whom Mr. Eggleston is familiar; and of early engaging the interest of the reader in the hero, Mr. Robert Pagebrook, holding it to the end. We more than half-suspect it is an autobiographical narrative, written by a matter-of-fact man who had a story to tell, and so proceeded to tell it at once, in a business, newspaperish sort of way. Under such conditions it would be unwise to look for a smoothly written, artistic work, evincing deep thought, or hinting at a philosophy. As an every-day love story, among common people, it is very good.

"A Self-Made Woman" is the title of a queer book, made up of odd compounds, which has actually found a New York publisher, S. R. Wells, and is from the pen of Emma May Buckingham. The author tells us that the story is "true in the main," which we can readily believe, especially that portion which chronologically arrays the events of the late civil war. And she adds that "its aim is to encourage those of my sex who are struggling up toward a higher moral and intellectual life, to urge them to persevere until the end is attained." The book is evidently from the pen of an inexperienced writer, a school-girl, perhaps, who has imagined that she "had only to sit down and write," as Lord Lytton puts it. The story is the simplest form of a narrative, without a plot, and possess-

ing no well-drawn characters. Even the aim of the book is missed, since it gives no evidence of "a high intellectual life." It is to be hoped that no other woman will "struggle up" with such poor results as a reward for her labor. By the publication of this book the author hopes "to benefit the large class of working-women who are bravely endeavoring to earn a livelihood for themselves and others." We fail to discover a crumb of comfort for this class of women in the volume. The life of one Mary Idyl is narrated, to the effect that she had the usual struggle to get an education, met unworthy men who wished to marry her, acted as governess, went South, and finally married a Southern man, just as the war broke out. The editors of the *New York Times* will be shocked to read in this book, page 275, the following very snobbish quotation from that paper:

"Arrived at the St. Nicholas, on the — inst., the Honorable Lloyd Willington and his talented wife, 'Lyra Glenwild,' author of 'Phoenix,' the most popular novel of the age. We understand that they will sail for Europe in a few days. Success to the happy couple."

"Under the Surface" is the title of a novel written by Emma M. Connelly, and published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia. Essentially a love story, it proves to be valuable principally as a picture of a certain phase of Southern life, evidently depicted by a Southern woman who appears to have imagined that in order to write a work of fiction it was only necessary to put her pen to paper. The characters she represents in Ophelia Berges and Adele Hughes, the heroines, may be true to life, and if they are, no one will regret having met them between covers instead of *in pro prietate personis*. The action of the story is apparently in Kentucky, in Louisville, at the Crab-Apple Orchard Springs, and in various other sections of that State. While in town, we read that Ophelia and Adele occupied their mornings "with lounging, reading, and idle discussions upon the 'logic of events,' of the newest book; the afternoons in loitering through picture-galleries, shopping, and promenading the most fashionable streets, oftentimes dropping into a restaurant to partake of shell-oysters and hot coffee, or perhaps charlotte-russe and wine." As the story progresses, Ophelia becomes engaged. "Her affianced was very kind to her. He petted and spoiled her; gave her jewels and costly trinkets, but not one inch of his heart." Now and then Adele read books. "I admire Byron more than Shakespeare," she said. "He is more earnest. His thoughts seem irrepressible and overmastering, while Shakespeare is deliberate and calculating." The men who figure in this romance are of a piece with the women. The author promises to inflict the public with another book. We suppose there is no help for it.

If one cares to read "a novel" of four hundred and fifty pages, by Amelia B. Edwards, called "In the Days of my Youth," and published by Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, he will find a purely personal narrative of the incidents in the life of an English medical student who was sent to Paris to complete his professional education. From the charming, shady, and ancient town of Saxonholme, in England, the scene shortly changes to the Paris of twenty years ago, where the reader is introduced to all the gayety, society, and dissipation of that famous capital. A very slight thread of romance runs through the book, which has an unexpected *dénouement*, connecting it with incidents in the beginning of the story. The letterpress is rather too plentifully interlarded with French phrases and words, and contains many vulgarisms characteristic of a certain class of English writers. Nevertheless, Mrs. Edwards is a vigorous writer, and can hardly be called dull, if inclined to be prolix. She has evidently witnessed the scenes she so graphically describes. As a study of student-life in Paris, with its love-makings, marriages, duels, operas, receptions, excursions, art associations, etc., the book is much more pleasing than valuable.

The author of "Mrs. Jeringham's Journal," which was a work of some merit, has brought out another little book, this time in prose, through the house of Scribner, Armstrong & Co., called "A Very Young Couple." This very young couple is of English origin; it fell in love at sight, and married off-hand, or as soon as a small income was secured. Life commenced in lodgings, and ended in going to housekeeping. A young married couple so blissfully ignorant of all the arts of housekeeping is seldom heard of on this side of the Atlantic. Those who read of this couple's first evening, first marketing, first accounts, first quarrel, etc., will smile at the simplicity of the husband and wife, and conclude that they must have been an exceedingly young couple. The book is sprightly, but has the usual blemishes of English works, which no amount of American criticism appears to alter for the better.

Recognizing the fact that women are daily occupying a larger sphere of action, embracing new and extended privileges in all directions, John Proffatt, Esq., a young member of the New York bar, has brought out, through G. P. Putnam's Sons, a neat and valuable little work, entitled "Woman Before the Law." The seven chapters composing this volume were originally published in the *Home Journal*, where they attracted attention from the comprehensive and interesting manner in which they were written, as well as their freedom from the usual technicalities. In his preface, Mr. Proffatt says:

"At a time when there is so much inquiry and agitation upon the question of woman's rights and disabilities, it seemed to be desirable to ascertain her exact legal position; for I believe many who talk most loudly on this topic are strangely ignorant of her real status in law, and are apt to hold the law accountable for much that is due to social habit and organization."

From a careful reading of Mr. Proffatt's book, the conclusion is reached that woman is regarded by the law simply as a creature to be married. The book treats principally of the married relation, including the legal conditions of marriage, personal rights and disabilities of the wife, dower, the reciprocal rights and duties of mother and children, and divorce. By no means an uninteresting volume, it is alike valuable to both sexes, and should become a hand-book to the non-professional reader. Women who regard marriage as the end and aim of life will find their duties, legal rights, and responsibilities amply set forth in this work, while husbands will learn much which is new and valuable. Mr. Proffatt should go over the whole ground of woman's legal rights, in a larger volume.

ART.

ARTISTS' FUND EXHIBITION.

THE pictures contributed by members of the Artists' Fund Society, in aid of the fund, were opened to public exhibition on the 19th of January, at the Somerville Gallery, 82 Fifth Avenue, corner of Fourteenth Street. The fifty-five members of the Society contributed eighty-two pictures, and three other works of art were given by gentlemen for the benevolent fund. The pictures remained on exhibition for one week, and sold at last for good prices, notwithstanding the hard times, the total receipts of the sale amounting to \$11,706.25, a result very flattering for the Society. The attendance of picture buyers was large, and the bidding spirited. This was the fourteenth annual exhibition made by the Society, and the results of the sale proved conclusively that art patrons are willing to pay remunerative prices for first-class work. The fund of this Society now amounts to about \$75,000. One member died during the year, Mr. A. W. Warren, formerly of Brooklyn. His family has received the stipulated sum of \$3,500. The annual meeting of the Society was held on the 10th of February, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Richard W. Hubbard; Vice-President, Thomas Hicks; Treasurer, John M. Falconer; Secretary, Henry W. Robbins. Board of Control: Sanford R. Gifford, Daniel Huntington, John W. Casilear, Seymour J. Guy, David Johnson. Committee on Admission: Alfred Jones, Henry A. Loop, Worthington Whittredge, J. B. Bristol, and John Pope.

The exhibition was superior to that of previous years, owing to the judicious care exercised by the Board of Control, and the strength received from half-a-dozen recently elected members, including R. Swain Gifford, Julian Scott, and Charles H. Miller, a young artist whose landscapes are attracting attention. The collection included some fifteen or twenty figure pieces, the most noticeable of which were "An Italian Study," and "Morning Glory," by H. A. Loop, both delicate in color and refined in sentiment, treated in a simple, natural manner; a water color, "The Schoolboy," by F. O. C. Darley; a happy thought by Eastman Johnson, "Bed-Time," representing a little girl on her way to bed, her arms filled with dolls, the whole indifferently painted, especially the drapery, and the features of the face; two fine pictures by Julian Scott, "Capturing the Earthworks, Spottsylvania," with a spirited figure of an officer whose face expressed determination, and "Coming through the Lines," a well-expressed incident of the Rebellion, telling the whole story of the wounded Confederate, his little wife and attendant negro boy hailing the picket; "The Village Schoolmaster," by Charles F. Blauvelt, which would have been a fine picture with a smaller head for the pedagogue; "Swinging on the Gate," one of J. G. Brown's careful and winning studies of American child-life, correct in drawing and tender in tone; "The Forest Path," by Thomas Hicks, representing a lady robed in gray trimmed with black, walking in a deep, quiet woods, the effect of the whole being good; "The Normandy Peasant Woman," by W. J. Hennessy, a carefully painted figure, standing on a bit of rocky ground sprinkled with autumn leaves; "The Little Rogue," by Seymour J. Guy, a very pretty child's face beneath a broad-brimmed straw hat, possessing many characteristics of the artist; "Gulnare," a life-size ideal female figure bust portrait, by J. O. Eaton, showing some fine coloring and well-wrought drapery; "The Fisherman's Yarn," by William Morgan, broad in treatment, and warm in tone; "The Spinster," by George W. Boughton, showing two old women and a cat crouching over a fire; "Girl at the Spring," by John T. Peele, a small piece, carefully painted, tender in tone and color, and "Grandmamma," by Platt P. Ryder.

Animal life was represented by three pictures, two contributed by Arthur F. Tait: "Quail-Shooting," and "An American Family at Home;" and one sent to the exhibition by W. H. Beard, "Maternal Affection." In his "American Family," Mr. Tait represented some beautifully painted deer in a bosky dell, both the animals and foliage being well done. "Quail-Shooting" showed that the artist is familiar with that sport, having made a study from nature of the birds, dogs, and hunters. Mr. Beard, in his "Maternal Affection," showed a couple of red deer in a forest, painted in a life-like and pleasing manner.

Among the more notable landscapes and marine views may be mentioned M. F. H. De Haas's "English Channel," which sold for the highest price of any picture in the exhibition, \$435; "Ruins on the Roman Campagna, with Rome in the distance," by J. F. Cropsey, a charming picture, rich in color, broad in treatment; "Boulak," the port of Cairo, Egypt, by R. Swain Gifford, showing the Nile with its numberless vessels, clear in atmosphere and strong in light; "A Long Island Homestead," and "Sunset at Queens, Long Island," two very promising pictures, which attracted much attention, by Chas. H. Miller, evincing careful training, and broad handling; "Moonlight on the Lake," by D. Huntington, an impressive picture, full of action; a carefully painted view of the "Castle of Chillon," and the fine scenery of "Lake Brienz," by T. Addison Richards; two good pictures by J. W. Casilear, a "Swiss Lake," fine in atmospheric effects, and "View of Tamworth, N. H.," showing a broad landscape; "Autumn in the Catskills," by W. Whittredge, giving the great mountains and deep woods in a very natural manner; two gem companion pieces, full of feeling, showing careful study, by Alexander Lawrie, "Roaring Brook, Adirondacks," and "Gil Brook, Adirondacks;" three good pictures by Francis A. Silva, who is devoting himself to marines with encouraging success, "Hudson River, near Nyack," "On Long Island's Sea-Girt Shore," and "Old Wreck on Fisher's Island, near New London;" "On the Ohio," and "Near Plymouth, N. H.," by Wm. L. Sonntag, the former remarkable for its brilliant coloring, and the latter sketchy and broad; "Morning in the Bay of Naples," by R. Swain Gifford, the water and atmosphere effects being admirable; "Lake George," by A. B. Durand; "Recollections of Spring," and "A Camp on Long Lake," by Homer Martin, the coloring rich, and the out-of-door impression in both quite successful; a tender water color, by Charles Parsons, "White Island Light, Isle of Shoals;" and "Tea Roses," and "June Roses," by George C. Lambdin, the former as well painted as the most fastidious could wish.

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MOONRISE ON THE COAST OF FLORIDA.—J. D. WOODWARD.

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